

# Catholic Digest

REG. U. S.  
PAT. OFF.

Vol. 9

APRIL, 1945

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# CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

After Jesus our Lord was risen, standing in the midst of His disciples, He said: Peace be to you. Alleluia. The disciples rejoiced at the sight of the Lord. Alleluia. The first day of the week, when the doors were shut, where the disciples were gathered together, Jesus came, and stood in the midst of them, and said to them: Peace be to you. Alleluia.

From Matins of Friday in Easter Week.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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# Catholic Digest

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## The Easter Story

By SAINT LUKE

Reprinted from *The New Testament*\*

And at very early dawn on the first day of the week they came to the tomb, bringing the spices they had prepared: and found the stone already rolled away from the door of the tomb. They went into it, and could not find the body of the Lord Jesus. They were still puzzling over this, when two men came and stood by them, in shining garments. These said to them, as they bowed their faces to the earth in fear, Why are you seeking one who is alive, here among the dead? He is not here, he has risen again; remember how he told you, while he was still in Galilee, The Son of Man is to be given up into the hands of sinners, and to be crucified, and to rise again the third day. Then they remembered what he had said, and returned from the tomb bringing news of all this to the 11 apostles and to all the rest. It was Mary Magdalen, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, who told the apostles

this; but to their minds the story seemed madness, and they could not believe it. Only Peter rose up and ran to the tomb, where he looked in, and saw the grave-clothes lying by themselves, and went away full of surmise over what had befallen.

It was on the same day that two of them were walking to a village called Emmaus, sixty furlongs away from Jerusalem, discussing all that had happened. They were still conversing and debating together, when Jesus himself drew near, and began to walk beside them; but their eyes were held fast, so that they could not recognize him. And he said to them, What talk is this you exchange between you as you go along, sad-faced? And one of them, who was called Cleophas, answered him, What art thou the only pilgrim in Jerusalem who has not heard of what has happened there in the last few days? What happenings? he asked; and they said,

\*Chapter 24. Ronald A. Knox translation. 1944. Sheed & Ward, New York City, 3. 573 pp. \$3.

About Jesus of Nazareth, a prophet whose words and acts had power with God, and with all the people; how the chief priests, and our rulers, handed him over to be sentenced to death, and so crucified him. For ourselves, we had hoped that it was he who was to deliver Israel; but now, to crown it all, today is the third day since it befell. Some women, indeed, who belonged to our company, alarmed us; they had been at the tomb early in the morning and could not find his body; whereupon they came back and told us that they had seen a vision of angels, who said that he was alive. Some of those who were with us went to the tomb, and found that all was as the women had said, but of him they saw nothing.

Then he said to them, Too slow of wit, too dull of heart, to believe all those sayings of the prophets! Was it not to be expected that the Christ should undergo these sufferings, and enter so into his glory? Then, going back to Moses and the whole line of the prophets, he began to interpret the words used of himself by all the scriptures. And now they were drawing near the village to which they were walking, and he made as if to go on further; but they pressed him, Stay with us, they said; it is towards evening, and it is far on in the day. So he went in to stay with them. And then, when he sat down at table with them, he took bread, and blessed, and broke it, and offered it to them; whereupon their eyes were opened, and they recognized him; and with that, he disappeared from their sight. And they said to one

another, Were not our hearts burning within us when he spoke to us on the road, and when he made the scriptures plain to us? Rising up there and then, they went back to Jerusalem, where they found the 11 apostles and their companions gathered together, now saying, The Lord has indeed risen, and has appeared to Simon. And they too told the story of their encounter in the road and how they recognized him when he broke bread.

While they were speaking of this, he himself stood in the midst of them, and said, Peace be upon you; it is myself, do not be afraid. They cowered down, full of terror, thinking that they were seeing an apparition. What, he said to them, are you dismayed? Whence come these surmises in your hearts? Look at my hands and my feet, to be assured that it is myself; touch me, and look; a spirit has not flesh and bones, as you see that I have. And as he spoke thus, he shewed them his hands and his feet. Then, while they were still doubtful, and bewildered with joy, he asked them, Have you anything here to eat? So they put before him a piece of roast fish, and a honey-comb; and he took these and ate in their presence. This is what I told you, he said, while I still walked in your company; how all that was written of me in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, must be fulfilled. Then he enlightened their minds, to make them understand the scriptures; So it was written, he told them, and so it was fitting that Christ should suffer, and should rise again from the dead on



the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name to all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. Of this, you are the witnesses. And behold, I am sending down upon you the gift which was promised by my Father; you must wait in the city, until you are clothed with power from on high.

When he had led them out as far as Bethany, he lifted up his hands and blessed them; and even as he blessed them he parted from them, and was carried up into heaven. So they bowed down to worship him, and went back full of joy to Jerusalem, where they spent their time continually in the temple, praising and blessing God.



### Dear Enemy

In the dread days of early 1942, the Americans who survived the march from Bataan were herded like cattle into troop transports bound for the home islands.

Like wild beasts they were jammed into small, stinking holds, unable even to lie down. There was almost no air. The stench of unwashed human bodies, of festering wounds and human excrement, churned sickeningly in their lungs. Occasionally a breath of fresh air would trickle into the swarming hold.

That breath of fresh air was supplied by a young Japanese officer. Stealthily, he would creep to the closed hatch cover; kick it ajar. Finally, he was able to get a word of explanation to the imprisoned men. Swiftly, he explained he was a Catholic, converted by the Maryknoll Fathers. He had no hatred for America, was fighting only because his country was at war. He repeatedly risked his life every day in that small gesture of compassion, because he was a Christian.

The climax of his gamble with death came when an American torpedo ripped into the hull of the transport. The enemy crew swarmed into lifeboats, but only after the hatch cover over the prisoners had been firmly battened down. In the blackened, stinking hold of that doomed ship Americans waited for death almost gratefully.

Suddenly the hatch cover was ripped away and the face of the young Japanese lieutenant peered in. Men surged up from the hold, among them two young officers who lived to tell this story.

As they emerged, the young Japanese lieutenant crumpled on the deck, bullets from his commanding officer's pistol buried in his body. There he died, while the enemies he had released plunged over the rail of the sinking transport, some to die, others to reach ultimate safety.

From the Cherry Point, N. C., *Windsock* (U.S.M.C.) quoted by N.C.W.C. (11 Feb. '45).

# I Work With An Atheist

As told to Frances MacBride

And oh! the difference to me

Condensed from the *Annals of Good Saint Anne de Beaupré*\*

**What if you** do work beside an atheist? So what? readers may cry out in chorus. So do many of us work with atheists, and that's nothing to write about. But isn't it? Anyway, I'm going to tell you about my particular atheist to make you think about yours, if you have one.

To begin with, my atheist is one of the Old Brigade whose *Credo* runs something like this:

He believes that all religion is plain "hooley," a money-making proposition that provides thousands of parasites with cushy jobs.

That all Irishmen are Catholic and *Q.E.D.* every Catholic must be Irish.

That the Catholic religion in particular breeds crowds of ignorant, dirty, lazy, superstitious people.

That the end of man is oblivion.

If God exists, why does He allow a dreadful war in which millions of innocent people are slaughtered?

That the Pope, being Italian by birth, must needs be biased in favor of Italy, and therefore, the Vatican is a nest of spies.

And so on—*ad nauseam*.

At first all of this appeared very strange, for I had never encountered open hostility before. But for the war, my atheist and I might never have met.

Seated side by side at our precision jobs in a huge factory ten hours every

day, there was no escape. It became clear to me with an awful clarity that I spent longer time in the atheist's company than I did with my family. My first reaction to his poisonous stream of talk was white-hot anger at his colossal ignorance, his bitter tongue, and maddening superiority over what he was pleased to call my priest-ridden mind.

The phase passed. I began to study my atheist from another angle. It was indeed strange that one who was a professed atheist should display such an avid curiosity about religion; the subject was never off his mind; he protested too much. Was St. Augustine saying no platitude when he wrote the fateful words: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our hearts shall know no rest until they rest in Thee"?

The curious thing about my atheist is that, judged by ordinary standards, he is a good man. He has a wife, and a son who is the apple of his eye; it nearly broke him when the lad was called to the armed forces. He does his utmost for his family; to my knowledge he has never lied, nor cheated nor got drunk, and his strongest argument is that if he can live such a life without God, what need is there for religion to keep a man on the rails? I confess there were times when he had me stumped. I am not very well educated and I have always accepted the doctrines of my

\**Basilica of St. Anne, Que., Canada. February, 1945.*

faith unquestioningly. My defense seemed too weak against his cast-iron attack.

However, a priest had formed in me the habit of buying some half dozen Catholic Truth Society booklets at my Church rack every Sunday. Yet I'd go home and leave them on the table. My wife read them, I suppose, or the children, and then they found their way into the salvage bag. But now I selected pamphlets with care, choosing those touching on subjects discussed by my atheist that week. One day when he was letting off steam about the "fellows who wear their collars wrong way round," I said, "You wouldn't call Damien a parasite, would you?"

"Who is Damien?" he asked.

For answer I gave him a book on Father Damien, apostle of the lepers, which I had bought the day before. I thought he was going to throw it at me, but he took it without a word. Two days passed before I had the courage to ask him what he thought of it.

He said, "He was all right, but isn't it funny you've only one Damien among a horde of parasites?"

You see how hard he was.

There was the day he was handing out high praise to the fighters of the Battle of Britain, particularly Brendan Finucane.

"There's a real man for you!" he said.

"Yes," said I. "Strange isn't it, that he is Irish, and a Catholic?" I scored that day.

I can never tell how his mind works. Sometimes I get grudging admissions

which, coming from him, sound like the highest praise. For instance, "I've got to hand it to your priests, they are not afraid of poverty. Look at the way they go down into the slums. They do seem to love the poor."

Perhaps the best tidbit of all was this. The school his niece attended was blown to smithereens and afterward she had to go to the only school available, which happened to be a convent school. Time passed and reports were sent in. It was then he said to me, "I will say this, though it goes against my grain, those Sisters know their job. My niece has made more progress in a year than she had previously done in two and I like her manners now, so quiet and ladylike."

You see what I mean? These are the only gleams I have had in my encounters with my atheist. I would like to say that under my influence my atheist renounced his negations and accepted the faith. No such thing. Frankly, I don't believe he will ever be convinced of the truth.

However, God has His own reasons for allowing this, and I must tell you that it is in me the greatest change has been wrought. I, who took my faith for granted, now carry a grave responsibility. I dare not enter into anything that savors in the slightest of hypocrisy, lest my atheist say, "He did that, and yet he professes to be a Catholic." I do not mind very much now: indeed, I'm beginning to enjoy these wordy duels, knowing the God I have invoked will enable me to give a good account of myself if I but love enough.

# The Truth About Al Smith

By ROBERT MOSES

A friend "looks at the record"

Condensed from the *New York Times*\*

In the next month many people will go to the Museum of the City of New York to look at the record, as Gov. Alfred E. Smith used to say. And what a record it is, with its photographs, trophies, and odds and ends which dramatically illustrate the life of Al Smith. Horatio Alger has nothing to compare with it. It is the beginning of a legend, the source of endless fireside stories with which ambitious fathers will entertain their sons and encourage them to imitate the career of a great product of the sidewalks of New York.

For a lad with imagination, ambition, early responsibilities and piety the old East Side was a wonderful place. Here the altar boy absorbed and remembered the sonorous Latin of the Mass at St. James'. Here the Catholic urchin peered through the picket fence at the old Portuguese and Spanish cemetery, where for two centuries the wandering descendants of those who lifted up the tabernacle in the wilderness had found their last resting place. Here the young fishmonger fraternized with those who traffic in deep waters. Here a youth watched the Bowery sot gulp his bottle of forgetfulness and reflected on what makes one man a bum and another a little lower than the angels.

Within a radius of five miles Alfred

E. Smith could see nameless Chinamen who toiled 18 hours a day in laundries and gravitated to Pell Street on Sunday; Neapolitans who brought into Little Italy the colors and passions of the Mediterranean; refugees from the knout in Russia; sturdy Germans of the *Turnverein Sängerfest*, pre-nazi variety; old Americans being elbowed aside by new Irishmen who understood the art of reconciling nationalities before the League of Nations and Dumbarton Oaks were thought of. Such a lad needed no travel abroad to know the world. The races of mankind were at his door. When Al Smith made his first trip to Europe, years later, he was at home everywhere with the common people, because he had been brought up with them.

Tammany contributed much to his education. Tammany exploited the immigrant, but it also championed, sympathized with and befriended him. Alfred E. Smith was born at the end of the Tweed era, when Tammany was down. It revived because it understood human nature. Smith, its beneficiary in his early political career, lived to throw off its fetters. There is hardly a parallel for his rise above political environment.

The grand strategy of the Smith program, covering the decade from 1919 to 1929, appears in the work of

\*Times Sq., New York City. Jan. 21, 1945.

the Reconstruction Commission, an unofficial commission of distinguished citizens appointed to prepare a postwar program for New York. The program covered every subject of state interest, employment, labor, the welfare of the state, health, structure of government, the budget, housing, roads, water power, parks and conservation, port development and a dozen other fields.

It was no mere gallery of rainbows, but practical and within the state's means. And succeeding governors have evolved nothing new. They merely elaborated the program. They inherited real executive authority, the cabinet system, a modern budget procedure, longer terms, and a positive, enlightened conception of the role of the state, because Smith fought for those reforms and handed them on a silver platter to his successors. When my friend Governor Dewey said that with his advent the cobwebs of 20 years were swept away, he was guilty of a bit of political exuberance from which by now he has undoubtedly recovered.

With the popularization of the reconstruction program, the preparation of legislation to make it effective, the opposition of rural Republican leaders to overcome, Alfred E. Smith graduated from a skillful city politician to a statesman. The program was his stock in trade. For 10 years he hammered away relentlessly to get it adopted. He made the program part of himself and brought to its support all of his eloquence, humor, love of battle, and native intelligence. State government, up until then dull, lifeless, obscure, and

in many respects contemptible, suddenly became dramatic and interesting. As they said at Harvard when he received the Doctor's degree, Alfred E. Smith, without formal education, was probably the foremost teacher of political science this country has known.

He often told of his arrival in Albany with another green assemblyman from the lower East Side. They put up at a hotel near the railroad station and repaired to the capitol, where they collected several hundred of the previous year's bills.

Armed with this dubious treasure, they returned to the hotel and began reading. At the end of several hours the Governor, with memories of his Fulton Fish Market days before him, remarked to his associate: "I can tell a hake from a haddock by the color of his eyes, but if I live to be 1000 years old I won't be able to tell these bills from a bale of hay." Nevertheless, Assemblyman Smith lived to be one of the great parliamentarians of his time.

Governor Smith was the Rupert of debate. He always knew his subject. He went straight to the heart of it. He presented it in homely, memorable words. He knew his audience like an actor. He would not say something was redundant. He described it as "about as useful as a second tail on a white bulldog." And he could make statistics sit up, beg, roll over and bark. He sensed the reaction of his listeners, in the Legislature, in the bar associations, at political rallies, at civic banquets.

He knew just when to tell a story



and how to illustrate the dark recesses by an anecdote or a bit of mimicry. In his great argument for the adoption of the plan of the Port of New York before the Legislature in 1921, where he appeared as a Commissioner of the Port Authority by appointment of Governor Miller, the difficulties of food transportation from farm to table were personified in a character known as Mr. Potato, whose tribulations as he sat in a freight car in the Jersey meadows moved the audience to tears.

The Governor had the talents of an actor, but he acted in character without pretense or hypocrisy. He wore no mask. He dramatized apparently dull situations to see what was really back of them. He was constantly holding the mirror up to nature. He used to say often, "Let's walk through the part." By that he meant, anticipate what will happen in the play and see how it will end.

On rare occasions when he was persuaded against his better judgment to talk or write like someone else, the effect was not convincing. In the reply to Charles C. Marshall's attack on him in the *Atlantic Monthly*, an attack which raised the question whether a good Catholic can be an independent President, the Governor relied too much on the logic and subtlety of others. It was not Al Smith who answered, but friends who spoke Marshall's language. Had Smith followed his natural instinct to express in the simple, homely, humorous terms such as Lincoln would have used, the faith and patriotism which he possessed in

equal degrees, and had avoided attempting to reply in kind to the learned, sophistical exegetics of Mr. Marshall, the charges would have exploded harmlessly.

By way of contrast I recall the Governor's refusal to use a quotation from the French historian, de Tocqueville, suggested to him; I believe, by Judge Proskauer. "Joe," he said, "people might believe that I could remember and rattle off something from Thomas Jefferson, but Al Smith quote de Tocqueville—never!"

In combating rural-minded legislative leaders, the Governor was not always irrefutable, but he usually won because he was funny where his adversaries were merely sour. The Governor's boundless good nature wore down his opponents. Few could resist him, and most of them ended by becoming his friends.

The Governor almost never lost his temper. He often put on figurative hobnailed boots and jumped on people to see if they had any comeback. This was known as the Bowery argument. I remember, however, one conference with the Republican legislative leaders, at which Senator Hewitt was so outrageous in his approach to a vital state problem that the Governor withered him with this blast: "Charlie, your friends here ought to send you to the Brunswick-Balke Company to have your head melted down for billiard balls." A few months later at the Biltmore I was amazed to see the Governor teaching Charlie Hewitt the one-step with the aid of a phonograph



record and an admiring group of kibitzers.

Smith was the first Catholic to be elected Governor of New York. More than anyone else he was responsible for the elevation of the first Jew to this office, Herbert H. Lehman. He saw nothing wrong with an evolutionary democratic process which made it difficult but not impossible for exceptional men to win their way through heavy obstacles. He often remarked that he could remember how the police at the Oak Street station boycotted the first Negro patrolman, then accepted and liked him, and recalled that a Negro had recently reached the rank of police captain and another that of deputy battalion chief in the Fire Department. No wonder that extravagant promises to minorities here and abroad disturbed and disgusted him. He believed in success by brains and sweat, not by the threats of agitators and the planks of politicians.

Governor Smith was in the true sense a great conservative. Everything in his inheritance, environment, and experience contributed to this result. He learned from his East Side background that life is a battle; from politics that progress is slow if it is lasting; from his legislative career that nothing worth while is achieved without compromise; from the governorship, that achievement is based on definite, limited, realizable objectives; from the melting pot of the lower East Side, that there is a common denominator of humanity; from his wife, his family and his friends, the lesson of loyalty; from

the Church, the heritage of authority; and from the 1928 presidential campaign, the lesson of tolerance.

With such a background it was to be expected that he would be impatient with revolutionary programs, political gestures and promises impossible of fulfillment. He doubted that the government could take care of everyone, from midwife to mortician. He feared the effect of an executive dictatorship, overriding the Legislature and the courts. He hated to see class pitted against class in the mistaken notion that universal prosperity can be achieved by robbing Peter to pay Paul. He believed in the give and take of conference as against force in international affairs. He had a horror of the ambitious politician who climbs over others to reach success. He was, above all, suspicious of irresponsible radicalism. He knew that universal brotherhood was a long way off.

There is nothing very dramatic or exciting about the role of a conservative. The transition from Happy Warrior to Elder Statesman puzzled some of the Governor's old public and alienated others, but made him many new, substantial, dependable friends, friends who were neither fickle nor dazzled by the new flashy leaders. They saw in Governor Smith the enduring qualities of a man who stood four square to all the winds that blow.

In a sense, Governor Smith was never quite the same after the defeat of 1928. The Democratic convention of 1924, where his party finally got Bryanism out of its system, should have pre-

pared him for the deeper fanaticism which the country had not yet repudiated. Every great man has his Gethsemane. The Governor learned what, indeed, a more sophisticated and less simple man would have known: that there are plenty of hypocrites in a democracy. He learned that the same man can at once be a glutton for food and a warped fanatic against drink, a sawdust spellbinder for the Gospel and a bigot against the other man's creed, a shouter for democracy and a social snob.

It was the Governor's mission to be the sacrificial forerunner, and as such to blaze the trail for more fortunate followers. If a Catholic reaches the White House in the 20th century, Alfred E. Smith made it possible.

When New York planned a memorial for the Governor, his family and friends discouraged the absurd suggestion to rename Central Park in his honor. As a confirmed believer in tradition and old place names, this would have been the last thing he would have wished; nor would a pompous, conventional statue in any park have appealed to him. Certainly no one would have recognized Al Smith as an unabridged Webster in a frock coat on a gigantic pedestal. He might, however, have been happy in the zoo, of which he had been the night superintendent and where some of his best friends lived, in close but comparatively comfortable

quarters, and greeted with every evidence of recognition and enthusiasm his frequent fraternal visits.

The Governor for many years took great interest in plans for the rehabilitation of the slums of Manhattan's lower East Side. In 1942 he tried to persuade the New York Life Insurance Company, of which he was a trustee, to rebuild the old neighborhood between his birthplace and Oliver St., where he lived for many years. When this plan failed he helped to obtain an agreement on a state housing project, and was greatly pleased when it was agreed that it would be named in his honor and that an appropriate bronze statue of himself would be included. At that time it was to be one of those rare recognitions of a living man, not a memorial.

The statue at Governor Smith Houses will be on a dais, standing in front of a rostrum. It is reminiscent of the Governor's career as a legislator, orator, and leader. It is in the midst of living people, in a playground approached by steps on which children can play and with the sidewalks of New York as its theme. Anyone can mount the steps. The Governor will be as accessible as he was in life. Here the children, who were his special concern, will feel the protective presence of one whose life was full of little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness to them.

A secret is a bit of news you tell one person at a time.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (20 Jan. '45).

# Axis War Criminals

By JOHN A. RYAN

Retributive justice

Condensed from an N.C.W.C. article\*

Controversy over the question of punishing war criminals disrupted the activities of the United Nations War Crimes Commission to the extent that Sir Cecil Hurst, British delegate and chairman, resigned, and Herbert C. Pell, American commissioner, charged he was relieved of his post for insisting Gestapo agents be punished for crimes against German Jews.

**The United Nations** agreed some time ago that the men responsible for precipitating this war should be adequately punished for assaulting neighboring peoples and for crimes against Christian civilization. At the top, of course, stand Hitler, Mussolini and their associates. More recently considerable stress has been laid upon the unspeakable atrocities inflicted upon civilian populations of "occupied" countries by nazis.

Some of the perpetrators will no doubt be adequately punished by the governments of those countries, accordingly as their territories are liberated. The treatment of these criminals will not be a responsibility of the United Nations. However, the main authors of these crimes will, for the most part, escape apprehension by the authorities of the liberated countries, such as France, Belgium and Holland. Most of the leaders will have escaped into Germany. They will have to be tried and punished by the officials of the United Nations in charge of Germany after the fighting ceases.

The two culpable groups; that is, those morally responsible for beginning and continuing the war, and those who have committed unspeakable injustices against civilian populations, but who shall have escaped into Germany, comprise an enormous number of individuals. The task will be exceedingly difficult and complicated. Already there have been complaints that the Allied Commission set up to deal with the subject is proceeding with intolerable slowness, and serious differences have appeared among the representatives of the various countries on the commission, made conspicuous recently by the resignation of the chairman of the British delegation.

Yet all these criminals should, so far as is humanly possible, be compelled to expiate their crimes, according to the standards of retributive justice.

Why not forgive all those offenses, if that course would promote the common good of the nations? As a matter of principle, this hypothetical question should be answered in the affirmative. To the objection that this action would leave guilt unpunished, and the injury to the moral law unrepaired, the reply is that these requisites may be left to God. Restoration of the violated moral order is, indeed, generally implicit in civil punishment but it is not a formal or explicit concern of civil authority, or

\*1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, 5, D. C. Feb. 5, 1945.

of international authority. The essential purpose of government is the promotion of the common good, whether national or international. And this applies to punitive as well as to any other kind of legislation or administration. In the words of one of the ablest of modern Catholic moralists, Father Victor Cathrein, S.J.:

"The punitive right of the state is derived from the necessity of punishing for the conservation and right ordering of civil society. It is not the function of civil authority to repair violated order in the relations between man and God except in so far as this is necessary for the common good" (*Moral-philosophie*, II, 687-693; 6th ed.).

The state possesses no direct authority over the moral order as such. The reparation of violated moral order, as St. Thomas says, is reserved to the divine judgment, and the divine Vindicator of the moral order has not delegated any part of that office to the state. Through the natural law, God has given the state the care of the common good. Only in so far as its punitive ordinances incidentally or implicitly bring about restoration of the moral order, is the latter a function of the state. The primary, specific and essential end of civil punishment is to safeguard and promote the common good by deterring and preventing crime.

So much for the principles. The assumption that wholesale or general forgiveness of the crimes committed by the Axis powers would promote the international common good is irra-

tional, even fantastic. Therefore, I repeat the proposition that all the Axis criminals should receive those kinds and amounts of punishment which would be best calculated to prevent them and deter others from inflicting similar injuries upon their fellow men. To be sure, the penalties imposed should not in any case exceed the bounds of retributive justice. While the end of civil punishment is the common good, its *measure* in the particular culprit is the degree in which he has violated the moral law, the amount of his moral guilt.

What persons, or classes of persons, in the Axis nations should be punished? According to some more or less prominent commentators, dire penalties should fall upon the entire enemy peoples, especially the Germans. In all probability this would be neither practicable nor conducive to the common good of the nations. And it would be unjust to the majority of those punished. The "imputation" theory, which holds that all the members of a political community automatically share in the guilt of their criminal rulers, is illogical and immoral. In his Christmas Message of 1944, Pope Pius XII said with regard to the punishment of war crimes: "If justice presumed to judge and punish not merely individuals but even whole communities together, who could not see in such a procedure a violation of the norms which guide every human trial?" Certain inconveniences and disabilities, indeed, might reasonably be imposed for a time upon a whole people as meas-

ures of protection and prevention, but they need not and should not be regarded as formally punitive.

Upon the leading culprits in Germany, Italy, and Japan should be imposed extreme penalties. For the most responsible this would mean death. Would this sentence and its execution attain the primary and essential end of civil or political punishment? Would it promote the international common good by deterring the Axis powers from repeating their international crimes, and deter other states from imitating their example?

To be sure, it would be an innovation in modern times. Probably the nearest precedent was the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena. On the other hand, the very uniqueness of the death penalty would make it dramatic and arresting. The vision of mighty tyrants compelled to endure the same punishment as an obscure murderer would have a more profound and lasting effect upon the imaginations and consciences of men and nations than would imprisonment, exile or banishment. It would constitute an unforgettable reminder that force can be effec-

tively turned against its professed champions.

For the minor culprits in the enemy countries, imprisonment, banishment, and other milder penalties would probably be sufficient to safeguard the international common good. Not the least important of the contributions made to the international common good by adequate punishment of the enemy malefactors, would be to forestall and prevent the enormous amount of private and group vengeance which would otherwise be inflicted indiscriminately upon members of the Axis nations by inhabitants of the occupied countries, and even by groups within the Axis nations upon fellow nationals.

Beyond any question, these penalties would not exceed the bounds of retributive justice. They are richly deserved by these international malefactors.

They would attain the secondary and implicit end of civil punishment. Nevertheless, if any of them be not conducive to the primary end, that is, the international common good, they should not be imposed. For the common good is the supreme end of civil punishment.



## Walkie-Talkie

More divorces are caused by women who talk too much than by any other one thing. Men learn, when they are small, not to say everything they think. If they do, somebody knocks their block off. Nobody knocks a little girl's block off, and she says what she pleases until she is a garrulous old woman.

Justice of the Peace Charles Claypool quoted in the *Ladies' Home Journal* (Feb. '45).



# Deceiving the Elect

By JOHN PATRICK GILLEASE

The crystal eight ball

Condensed from the *Missionary*\*

"For one dollar," intoned the fat hag, "I will tell much of your fortune. It is deeply interesting."

I murmured to myself, "Why news-men go hungry," as I forked over the buck. Here are some of the fascinating things she told me.

"Once you were in love with a dark girl whom you have never forgotten." Back in Paddle Valley I was in love with half a dozen girls. I have not forgotten any of them. Our teen-age crushes have developed into lasting friendships.

"You are unmarried." She guessed that from my untidy shirt.

"You have very many problems." Truly uncanny! That was away back in depression days.

After a little more of this piffle, she looked at me shrewdly and said, "For another dollar, I'll tell your future."

This time Johnny wasn't biting. I smiled. "Listen, old dear," I said gently; "free of charge I'm going to tell your past and future. Your clients are mostly women. The bulk of them gobble up everything you spin them about love, new men coming into their lives, and such junk. Your life has been spent with a very close friend, liquor. When you close shop here, you waddle back to him."

There's a newsman for you. Very blunt and ungentlemanly. But pro-

phetic! Before the old dame had me out of her cubbyhole I predicted her future. Less than a month later, I sat at the press desk in Criminal Court and heard the judge give her a six-month sentence for defrauding a schoolgirl.

There are probably three types of people reading this article. The first despises the whole business, fortune-telling, tea-leaf readings, crystal gazing, horoscopes, spiritualistic mediums. The second, at the opposite pole, is fascinated by all this stuff and would go after it hotfooted, were it not for the Church's stern injunctions. In between are the majority, who admit there are some goings-on which we can't explain, but leave them all alone in keeping with the laws of the Church and the dictates of common sense.

More women than men fall for such rackets. Why? Maybe men are more realistic. At any rate, women seem to have more curiosity. After a session at bridge, they must have a spot of tea. Then the tea leaves have to be read. Men, as a rule, don't go in for tea. But when there is question of the occult, of manifestations of so-called magic, or of spiritualistic seances, they are usually as easy to hook as women.

A girl whom I shall call Kay worked with me on the same newspaper. She was a "sob sister," who gave advice to

\*411 W. 59th St., New York City, 19. February, 1945.



the lovelorn and conducted a horoscope column.

What mail Kay received from both sexes in every walk of life! Sometimes it was too heavy for her. Then Johnny, who had studied psychology and knew the lingo, pitched in to help her. Oh! the horoscopes I wrote! A girl born in March was born under the sign of Pisces. Just to make it interesting, I'd say something like this: "You were then under the influence of the sixth house of Mars." (I still haven't the faintest idea whether Mars has any "houses" at all.) "You have a woman enemy who causes you considerable trouble, but do not worry. She will soon drift out of your life." Where isn't there a woman who just "can't stand" some other woman?

"It is plain you are deeply interested in some man, but the stars do not advise marriage until you are at least 20 years of age." This was usually for girls a trifle over 15. Actually it was written to help them, for as most of you will agree, marriage is for adults.

Remember, you who are tempted to get a reading, "just for the fun of it," that any person of average intelligence can make many statements about your past which are bound to be true, and can also make vague predictions about your future which will strike you as wonderful. Some will happen; more will not. Keyed up by the former, you'll forget the latter, or explain them away. That's done by thousands who fondly (and stupidly) believe that astrologists actually unveil their future.

This "medium" business has gripped America to an extent of which few persons are aware. There is an organization with the "spirit world" as its basis. It has "colleges" in California and perhaps elsewhere from which one may receive, after a little training and a substantial payment, the title of "bishop." Thus the organization becomes a "religion," whose freedom is guaranteed by our tolerant American Constitution. That is fine for the "bishops," who do a big business, are almost immune from the law, and are definitely immune from heavy taxes and license fees which they would have to pay if they were working outside of "religious" lines. Lest your curiosity lure you to them "for fun," I'll take you behind the scenes.

On a dark and windy night, Kay and I visited a very successful spiritualist. He had a soundproof studio, hung with costly velvet drapes. When he went into a trance, he put his hands on the table; the lights went out, and if reception was favorable he got messages through from "the other side." His following each night was large and definitely cosmopolitan, rich and poor, mothers who had lost their sons, men who wanted advice from dead relatives, the sorrowful seeking solace.

Kay introduced me to the Professor, who gazed at me out of burning eyes and asked sonorously if I wished to contact someone.

"Yes," I said, "my father."  
"How long has he passed beyond, my friend?"  
"Just six weeks," I told him sadly.

The Professor nodded gravely and went into his trance. At first he had "difficulty" and Kay nudged me in the darkness. I began to suspect that either the Professor was suspicious, or possibly genuine. Then suddenly, he declaimed in a lifeless monotone, and my father gave me a message! There's no point in repeating it, for the simple reason that my father was and is still living.

Though such mediums will tell you about such smart men as Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge, who believed implicitly in spirits and spirit "photographs," keep away from them. If you see tables moving apparently under spirit forces, remember that hidden wires and powerful magnets can perform wonders. If you see a vague face which is supposed to be your dead father's, recall to mind a certain case that was exposed, wherein faces were nothing more than projections on a skillfully controlled screen.

The danger? I say earnestly that it is more deadly than dynamite. Many of these "operators" are hypnotists, and if they ever get control of you, you are practically their slave. I have heard a woman testify in court that a "medium" got such control of her that he made her admit him to her shop at midnight and stand helplessly by while she was robbed of all her valuables. I have seen a girl, like a dope fiend denied drugs, shuddering and groveling and begging us to find the medium for her: he was the only person who could save her from the "elementals" feeding

on her soul. (Any psychologist will tell you of what autosuggestion can do.)

This innocent girl had actually come to believe that spirits were feeding on her.

In every age there have been vultures in human form, feeding on ignorance, curiosity, and fear. Over 90% of them are out for easy money, and they get it. Mediums, particularly, have bled wealthy persons for years, keeping them (for a generous fee each time) "in contact" with their dear departed. Gripped by a fascination they cannot explain, girls go week after week to fortunetellers to have them interpret dreams, maybe for "only a quarter this time, dearie, since I know you so well."

"But what," you ask, "about the other 10%?" This question brings us face to face with extraordinary facts which must not be ignored. Strange things happen which cannot be explained by bare science. To deal with them is a most delicate matter. I can do it best, I believe, by illustrations.

There are many stories of the Irish which some may consider superstitious. I have heard Irishmen, whose characters are beyond question, swear they have heard the cry of the banshee, foretelling death. My people are Irish, and I boast that I am not superstitious, but my own mother tells me that while milking cows she heard her bedridden, dying mother's steps on the walk outside the barn. Returning to the house, she asked, "Have you been out of bed?"

"No," grandmother answered. Next morning she was dead.

I had a friend, a sober, conscientious, hard-working young man. As a boy in high school, he had strange dreams, always forebodings of trouble. Yet the more he tried to escape them, the more vivid they became. To the unconcealed amazement of those in whom he confided, he told of accidents to come, of bad quarrels, deaths, and the like. They always happened. Most persons who didn't know him put his forecasts down to coincidence. Who knows?

Don't misunderstand me. I am not trying to undo what I've just said about fraudulent fortunetellers and mediums. I am simply saying that strange things sometimes do happen, things that we must not deny though we can't explain them. You will never find those who actually have such strange powers selling them to the public.

Persons who have lived in India have told me of strange things done by Hindu fakirs. To deny what these men

have seen with their own eyes makes them doubt one's good faith. To assert that the Church rejects as mere illusions and deceptions what they have seen sets them against the Church. It is a wrong and wicked thing to say, for the Church does not deny the actuality of extraordinary performances. She remembers and she gives full value to the prophecy of our Lord that there will arise false teachers who will work such signs and wonders as will, if possible, deceive even the elect.

This, I take it, is why God and His Church forbid our mixing in occult practices, such as fortunetelling and spiritistic consulting of the dead. The devil is real; he has great powers; he can and does cooperate with human tools and agents, even entering into them, and enabling them to do astonishing things—never for our good; always for our ruin. Consequently it is just plain common sense to keep away from his snares and traps, and agents.



They tell a story in Belgium about Cardinal Van Roey's method of dealing with the hand-picked professors whom the Germans sent to take over Louvain University. A big reception was held for these men in one of the university halls, and Cardinal Van Roey was invited to attend.

The spokesman for the professors excused their taking over by stating in a flowery speech that their object was to encourage friendship between Belgium and Germany, that they wished to make the two peoples understand each other better, that they sought to encourage Belgian culture, and at the same time link it with that of the great neighbor, Germany.

Silence fell on the hall as the Cardinal rose to make his reply. It was the briefest in his career.

"The idea is an excellent one," said His Eminence. "We will consider it after the war."

Those professors never held a class.

From the *Universe* (26 Jan. '45).

# The Church Is in Pictures

By DAN DORAN

It's only the beginning

Condensed from the *Catholic Mirror*\*

**Hollywood** has just produced its first all-out Catholic film. You may not have heard of it and you will probably never see its title, which is *Obeying the Command*, on the marquee of your favorite theater.

But millions of small, excited eyes will be viewing it shortly and unless the history of 100 years proves a false criterion, millions of pagan children will through its influence be baptized in the one, holy, Catholic and apostolic Church.

For the film is the product of no less an organization than the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood, of which Pope Pius XII is the Cardinal Protector. He had been such when he was elevated into the papacy. Then it was half expected that he would give over his duties as Cardinal Protector to some other prince of the Church.

But Pius XII would not relinquish that office. "We know ours," he said gravely, "and ours know us. We would still be the protector of these children."

The film was produced by Fanchon Royer, president of the Catholic Film and Radio Guild, and for many years Hollywood's only professional woman producer. It is the second Catholic film produced by Mrs. Royer, who in 1941 brought out *Mission to America*, a documentary screen record of the Franciscan missionary conquest of the

Pacific coast. At that time Fanchon Royer was not a Catholic. But now she is, along with her five children, two of whom are being educated at Ramona Convent of the Holy Name in Alhambra, while a third is a student at Los Angeles Catholic Girls' High School. Her two sons are with the armed forces.

This is the first film done in Hollywood that is Catholic in conception, production, direction, in its cast of more than 200 persons of all races and color, in the preparation of its script by Charles Condon, and in its narration by the distinguished actor, Pedro de Cordoba, who is cast in an important role as a Catholic priest. De Cordoba is vice president of the Catholic Film and Radio Guild. The leading parts are played by guild members, some professional and some who never faced a camera before.

Providence, in many ways, blessed the making of the picture, which was photographed by Duncan Renaldo between Oct. 14 and Oct. 24. Renaldo, himself a well-known Hollywood actor and director, directed as well as photographed the film, which is in color and runs 40 minutes.

The idea of the film came from the Holy Childhood Association, which sent its representative to Hollywood to execute it. The story is of the life of

\*P. O. Box 1570, Springfield, 1, Mass. February, 1943.

Bishop Charles de Forbin-Janson, who founded the association in 1843. Forced to leave France, because of his refusal to sign the Gallican declaration, he had devoted part of his life to missionary work in China.

"The wholesale abandonment of baby girls," says the Catholic Dictionary, "inspired him to save many such souls through the apostolate of the children of his own country. He began a crusade among the French schools and soon gathered sufficient funds to enable the first group of Sisters of Charity to set out for China, where the first refuge was established. Soon after, it spread to Ireland, Scotland and the British colonies, then to Japan, India, Central and South Africa, among the aborigines of Australia, and the Indians of North and South America."

Mrs. Royer cast Joaquin Fraters as Bishop de Forbin-Janson and Virginia Bentley as Pauline Jaricot, Miss Dorothea Ryan as a Superioress of the Sisters of Charity, and members of the Catholic Film and Radio Guild as secondary characters.

The group scenes, involving a half dozen locations and hundreds of Chinese, Indians, Negroes, and other races, posing what seemed to be the greatest difficulty, were easily disposed of by Mrs. Royer. Father John Cowhig, a former Chinese missionary who was designated a few years ago by Archbishop John J. Cantwell to erect a Chinese mission in Los Angeles, had at

hand all the Chinese needed; Father Arthur Heck, S.M.A., of St. Odilia's church, brought in all the Negroes, and Father Eugene Herran, C.M.F., of the Old Plaza church, supplied Mexicans who could play, with equal effect, either American or Hindu Indians.

The story is simple. A rich young lad in Paris was so affected by the sight of a poor barefoot boy selling chestnuts that he took off his own shoes and gave them to him. That was the beginning of a vocation. From that vocation sprang his magnificent work; and now comes this film to emphasize all that has been done as a result.

We need more such films. Indeed, there are producers in Hollywood now, not Catholic, who are making fine films which they are sending out to their own churches. The Lutherans are miles ahead of the Catholics in that field. The Episcopalians, through Dr. Friedrich's little Bible stories, are also ahead of the Catholics.

There have been other fine Catholic films. Among them, *Through the Centuries*, *The Virgin of Guadalupe*, *Our Blessed Lady*, *St. Francis of Assisi*, *The Eternal Gift*, *The Little Flower*, and *The Perpetual Sacrifice*. Another is *Anthony of Padua*, a fine film, produced in Italy.

All the foregoing were produced under Catholic auspices, but *Obedying the Command* is the first instance where all who participated were Catholics, making it the first all-out Catholic film.

Latecomers for church should realize what people think of a horse that comes in last.

Joseph J. Quinn in the *Southwest Courier* (3 Mar. '45).



# White Angel

By JAMES Y. NICOL

Condensed from the *Toronto Daily Star*\*

**Sister** Marie Elmiere, a modest, blue-eyed French-Canadian nun, is an able nurse of the Congregation of Grey Nuns of the Cross at Ottawa. The Cree Indians call her the White Angel. During the 15 years she spent at the Oblate mission hospital at Albany trading post on James Bay, she performed 25 surgical operations for the Cree Indians and missionaries. She amputated one leg, one foot, eight fingers and 15 toes. She never lost a patient. In 15 years she also extracted more than 500 teeth, although she never attended a dental college.

In each case she had no choice but to operate. She administered a local anesthetic for each operation herself. Before 1930 the nearest doctor was hundreds of miles away. It would have taken weeks, rather than days, to get word out and to bring him across the northern wilderness to the hospital by boat or dog team, and almost surely too late at that. Gangrene that follows gunshot wounds or frostbites waits on no one. Since 1930 there has been a doctor at Moose Factory, but Albany and other posts on James Bay see him only a few days a year, on account of the immense territory he must cover.

For her practical experience Sister Elmiere nursed three years at the little 45-bed hospital of the Grey Nuns of the Cross in the Rouyn-Noranda mining

section of western Quebec. There she assisted at many operations and watched closely the surgeon's technique.

In the spring of 1929 she set out with a companion nun and a mission party for her new post. The railway had not then reached James Bay. She traveled by the Pagwa, English, and Albany rivers. It was a 17-day canoe trip.

For her theoretical training she read the medical textbooks at the hospital.

"Before each operation I made a long study and then I said a short prayer," she explained. "I never lost confidence."

One such operation involved George Metatwaban, a Cree trapper. While alone on a November hunting trip at Ghost river, George hacked at a tree with his axe to get wood for his camp fire. The trunk suddenly snapped off and pinned him by the right leg, crushing it four inches below the knee. He lay for two hours in the chilly darkness. By then his agony was so intense he amputated his own injured limb with his jackknife. He sprinkled tobacco on the wound as an astringent. He also packed moss around it and bound it up tightly with his torn pant leg.

He started to crawl to his tent three miles away and he made it, at the rate of one mile a day. He lost much blood, but on reaching his tent he had sufficient strength to rip off a piece of can-

\*80 King St., Toronto, 1, Ont., Canada. Copyright, 1945, Star Newspaper Service.

Jan. 9, 1945.



vas and rebind the wound. He scraped together enough twigs from the ground to kindle a fire and make a pot of tea. At intervals he fired his gun until his last cartridge was spent.

That final report was heard by his father, John Metatwaban, 80, who, with a friend, had taken up the search. They carried George another three miles to the Ghost river trading post.

The freeze-up had started covering river and lake with uncertain, treacherous ice. When a runner was able to leave, it took him eight days to travel 75 miles to Albany to tell Father Arthur Lajoie. The priest returned with the messenger. Eight days more were lost.

Father Lajoie recruited four Indians and eight husky dogs to bring Metatwaban to Albany by sleigh. Fifteen miles out they stuck in soft snow and had to return to Ghost.

Christmas eve they set out again, this time with five Indians on snowshoes. For 10 days and nights they helped the dogs tug the sled. They reached Albany and Sister Elmiere on Jan. 5. Six weeks had elapsed since the Cree lost his leg.

"The long journey," said the nun, "caused the trapper great pain. Every jolt jarred the stump of his leg and made him cry out. The stump was a mass of gangrene. For three days we applied hot and cold compresses but they did not check the gangrene.

"He said to me, 'Sister, do what is best for me.'

"On Jan. 9 I scrubbed the walls, ceiling, and floors of a little private room.

We moved a table from the dispensary and laid the patient on it. I requested Father Arthur Bilodeau, Father Paul Langlois, and Father Lajoie to help me. They were dressed like doctors in an operating theater with white gowns and sterile masks and gloves. I gave the Indian a local anesthetic.

"At first I intended simply to cut away the gangrene. Soon I saw that to save his life I would have to amputate five inches above the knee. The priests handed me the instruments as I instructed.

"Father Bilodeau chatted with the Indian to keep up his spirits. Later, Father Bilodeau confided that it was the other way around: the Indian chatted to keep up the spirits of the priest. In either event, the Cree never whimpered once.

"The operation took an hour. I will never forget how the Indian's father came to Albany, thinking his son was dead. He had no word of him since he left Ghost river. I never saw a man so surprised or an Indian so emotionally grateful.

"Today the son, who is 36 years old, is looking after the father, who is 88. In the winter George goes on his trap lines on three snowshoes, one for each crutch and the third for his left leg. He could never pay us in money and we asked him for none. We felt fully repaid by his gratitude."

Two years previously Mrs. Sarah Okititiwok, 27, was found at Attawapiskat post, lying half-clad under a piece of canvas in the snow with her daughters, three and 11. While her

husband was on the trap line their tent caught fire. They lost food, clothing, everything. Father Lajoie supervised their 90-mile trip by sleigh over the ice to the hospital.

Both the mother's heels were frozen. The toes of one foot hung by the tendons, as gangrene had set in. The younger child was suffering from frost-bites. The elder was dying from cirrhosis of the liver and nothing could be done for her.

For seven days Sister Elmire applied compresses to the woman's feet and saved one. She amputated half of the other and saved the heel. A month later the mother walked from the hospital without the assistance of even a crutch.

An elderly Anglican missionary, alone in his home, was stricken with double pneumonia. So Sister Elmire nursed him until a doctor arrived and took him to hospital by plane. "You saved his life," the physician told Sister Elmire.

Jimmy Whistley, 12, blew four fingers off his hand while playing with a gun. His parents bound the wound with feathers and moss. That stopped the bleeding but not the gangrene. It took Sister Elmire to do that with her compresses.

John Samson, 26, a mission helper, was the most ticklish case that came to the White Angel of the Crees. In February, 1934, his shotgun went off as he was laying it down. It blew a hole through his chest and out through his back. A priest anointed him for death where he fell and John was uncon-

scious when they carried him to the hospital.

Sister Elmire cut away his clothes and checked the hemorrhages. The shots had crushed bits of ribs into the wound. Still he lingered on, and his temperature soared to 106. With intravenous injections his pulse came back, but tetanus set in.

That called for an operation, known as the drainage of an empyema. Sister Elmire inserted two tubes into the wound to clear the infection. A bit of canvas from the tent he was carrying when the gun went off had been blown into his bronchial tube. She removed it with forceps.

Within a day Samson's temperature dropped back to 100. For the next 10 days, three hours, twice daily, she laid the patient face down with a basin under his chest and irrigated the big wound from the back with sterile water.

"He could hear the lead pellets from the shot dropping from his chest into the basin with the flow of water, and he would count them," said Sister Elmire. "By the time we were finished he had counted 90."

He left the hospital in June and we told him to be careful. He said he felt as good as new. He died a couple of years later. He did not listen to our advice and worked too hard."

Last July Sister Elmire left Albany because she herself took ill. Soon she will undergo her second operation. "After that I will go to Albany or wherever my superiors send me, and gladly."

Apart from her hospital training as a nun and the courage which comes from her faith, she says she owes her success to two other factors. First, the Crees are the best patients she has ever met. They will endure pain as the braves of old, who did not flinch under tortures of the iron and stake. Again, she believes she inherited a talent from her mother, Mrs. E. Tetreault, wife of

a farmer at Laverlochere, Que., near historic Ville Marie.

"My mother," she said, "taught school before she was married. It was in the country and the only place for her to board was at a hospital. She took much interest in the work there, acquiring skill as a practical nurse. I still remember what mother taught me."



### Missouri Asks a Question

It happens in Missouri and many other states. When the state doesn't know what to do with some unusually difficult boy it tries to send him to Father Flanagan's Boys Town.

Missouri's recent case is a 13-year-old boy, in a murderer's cell at the state penitentiary. Convicted of killing his foster mother, he is a personal and psychopathic problem that the state simply doesn't know how to handle. So the parole board asked that he be paroled to Father Flanagan.

As far as one case goes, this is the best that can be done; but Boys Town can't undertake to reform all the juvenile criminals and delinquents in the country.

Question: Why don't Missouri and the other states try to learn Father Flanagan's methods? We could accomplish a lot more by making a Boys Town of the Boonville reformatory than by yelling for help on individual cases.

Of course, the trouble is rooted in politics. The public is quite ready to vote almost anything out from under the control of the trough-wallowing type of politicians, but it leaves them in full charge of the tremendously difficult problem of reforming warped human beings.

Penal or reformatory jobs are regarded as just so much patronage to be dished out to the vote-getters. When a governor doesn't know what else to do with a job seeker the fellow is sent as a guard to the penitentiary. In many cases those institutions inherit the last rag tag and bob tail of the political system. The new officials with modern ideas and some scientific knowledge are lost in the political morass. Though some men and boys reform under the punishment of the present system, it misses most of its opportunities. The state pays for the failure through generations of criminals who might have been turned into useful citizens.

The Kansas City *Star* quoted in the *New Era* (Winter, '44-'45).

# Yankee Priest in England

By JOHN T. TRACY, O.M.I.

The padre played the piano

Condensed from the *Oblate World*\*

**Ye Merrie** Olde England, not so merry and yet it is. I could be a little more merry back in New England. But I have been requested to jot down a few of my experiences and observations while sojourning, more or less by force, in the United Kingdom. So here goes.

Arriving in the UK without any harrowing experience, except for lining up for mess, we were orientated as to how to take our British cousins and how they would take us (*take* in its original sense, please). After having the fear of God, not to mention death, instilled in our chilly bones, we decided that the state of grace was a very reassuring state in which to fight for Old Glory. We were told what to do in case of bombing, that we didn't have to worry about the bombs we heard crash, and that the one we did not hear we wouldn't have to worry about either, because we wouldn't be around to worry. Very quaint sense of humor our instructors had.

We were not to pick up strange objects after an air raid, namely, fountain pens and such, as they could well be antipersonnel explosives dropped by the enemy. We were not to claim a butterfly bomb as a souvenir. The idea is to leave immediately it is spotted, thereby keeping enough of yourself together to cast the federal ballot.

Then there was the blackout, with its element of surprise. One never knew whom he would meet headfirst in a slit trench, every trench of course being inevitably wet. I have said "par'n me" to more trees, posts, and British mailboxes, after an abrupt meeting in the dark, than I can count. In fact, at this moment I can't count. Now, however, I have the night sight of an owl and almost look like one.

I am reminded of a chilly night when I spent a few anxious moments in a slit trench during a Jerry raid. I am not permitted to tell you where I was stationed at the time, but a raid's a raid wherever it happens. The raid alert sounded around midnight just as I was comfy with a good book and alone with my thoughts.

The weird shrilling of the alarm is no eight-to-the-bar, brother, and I was out of bed like a shot, which is not normal procedure in our family. Clad in pajamas, slippers, topcoat and steel helmet, I was out of the hut and into the trench before my teeth chattered once. From there on the chattering was synchronized with my telling the beads of my favorite rosary. I was plain frightened to death, and while an ugly past did not rise before my mind's eye, the general tone was that it would be useless to save my money for a comfortable old age.

\*225 Fargo Ave., Buffalo, 13, N. Y. February, 1945.

Flares and bombs were dropped; and it was with considerable effort that I finally got my chin off the trench bottom. Searchlights spotted Jerry at last, and the rocket guns began their deadly work. It was a sight to behold, and so was I.

While in orientation school in London we were taken on a tour of the bombed areas. The devastation was appalling. In one of the Oblate churches I visited I found simple matter-of-factness in the Fathers and in the children of the grade school.

They had been bombed severely. One 4,000-pound bomb had crashed through the church roof, shattering a pillar and continuing through the pulpit (which is a hint to be short in sermons), finally lodging unexploded in the debris in the basement. The Fathers thought all the damage had been caused by the blast and were unaware that they passed the basket over a veritable mine which was not gold. A demolition squad found the bomb and removed it safely.

The grade school had a bad shaking up from the blast. The whole rear wall had a bulge which didn't look safe to me. Plaster and sand fell all over the place, and yet the children were a happy lot for it all. They were from very poor families. Their clothes were much patched. They sat in unheated classrooms, taught by the good nuns who were themselves blue with the cold.

But they were a happy little gang. I played the piano for them and they sang all the latest American songs with that cute accent of theirs. I left, wish-

ing I could do something for them, but they were thrilled that a Yankee priest without a Roman collar had visited them.

When I arrived at my station here I met the Yanks who had preceded me by many months. I met the boys who are your sons, husbands, brothers, and sweethearts. I found them and the WACs still as American as the Dodgers and the jukebox. They asked about the States. How were things there; was it hard to get a good steak; were the recapped tires any good; how were the people taking the war; and Times Square, had it lost its punch? All these questions came from a very homesick crowd. I found they spoke on two subjects continuously, home and mail, and within two days I was doing the same. It's the old story, I guess, that things worth while are not properly appreciated until we are deprived of them for a time.

Midnight Mass on Christmas eve was a classic for simple beauty and solemnity. In the course of the sermon, home was mentioned more than once, and I caught many attempts to conceal the tears that came quickly, and disappeared as quickly with a sympathetic chuckle at my weak humor. (Why is it that the Yanks are so quick to laugh and to cry!)

On Christmas day I had two Irish children, Stanley and Mary Little, as guests for dinner. It was five years since they had turkey and ice cream. The GI's could not do too much for them. And that brings to mind another point. The Yanks love children. Where-



ever you see them there is a crowd of children around them begging for the usual "Gum, chum," and asking questions. Our diplomats would do well, come peacetime, to send a few GI's on world tours to meet the children of all nations. It would be insurance against future aggressions.

Among my many pleasant experiences in the ETO, one was outstanding. That was when I was appointed aide to Archbishop Spellman while he was visiting Britain. His Excellency was tireless in his efforts to reach as many of the soldiers and WACs as possible. We toured Army installations, bomber and fighter stations, and hospitals. When the Archbishop heard there were three wounded priests in as many hospitals, he dropped all appointments to see each personally.

And so it went, day after day, with the Archbishop saying Mass for thousands in air hangars, in hospitals and anywhere a crowd of GI's gathered. After each meeting he would speak to all present personally, taking their names and names and addresses of the nearest of kin, with the promise to write back home that he had met them.

I visit the bomber stations as often as I can. If anyone thinks of the Air Corps as glamorous, he is sadly in error. The bomber and fighter crews in silver wings are not glamor boys, and their work is not accomplished soaring through cloudless skies alone, ending with countless decorations and the hearts-and-flowers fadeout of the movies. Bombing and fighting is a dirty, bloody business, and your sol-

diers know it. Their priest knows it, too, and he can tell many tales of bloodshed, heartache, and futility.

He is up in the early morning hours for the briefing of crews. He hears confessions and gives Holy Communion. He breakfasts with the men hurriedly and goes down to the line to see them off. He "sweats" them in on their return from the mission and greets each one personally. He has seen his men fly away, never to return. He has seen them replaced by fresh crews from home.

And now a personal word for you folks. As I meet your men over here, I find they have not changed. They are still little boys way down underneath all this woe and worry. When I do meet them, immediately they drag out the pictures they always carry in their pockets. A young father will show me a snapshot of his baby whom he has never seen. Babies look alike to me, but this one must look like the father. I see you, his wife, smiling down at his and your own flesh and blood, longing for the day when you will be together. Or it's you, the soldier's mother, who is worrying herself sick for his safety; or you the father, who is pictured there silent but proud of your son; or again it's you, the girl he plans to marry when this is over. Your men are all right. They are the salt of the earth. They are doing you credit and will not let you down. Your job now is to pray, pray hard that God will bring them home to you safely. And may the same good God bless you and yours.



# The Sanctity of Human Rights

There is no compromise

By ✠ DUANE G. HUNT

Condensed from an address\*

**Christianity** understands that man is not the product of blind forces of nature. He is a creature made to God's own image and likeness, being given immortality and being endowed with an intellect and a free will. There is set before him a noble end, which he is commanded to attain; he "is created to know God, to love and serve Him on earth, and to be happy with Him forever in heaven." This dogmatic truth discloses the only secure foundation for justice among men.

For the fulfillment of any command God gives appropriate means. In order that man may attain the great purpose of his creation God endows him with certain rights. Among these, that of life itself is primary. This is more than a right, of course; the preservation of life is a duty. Similarly, there is the right to worship God and obey His commands; also, a duty. Then there are the freedoms. Man has the right to physical and spiritual security, free from interference and fear. He has the right to express himself freely, in speech, in press, in association, in art, in work and in play. There is the right to own property, with the corresponding right to choose poverty. There is the right to marry, and the right not to marry. There is the right of marital fidelity; and the right of parents to possess their children in unbroken homes.

These are man's natural rights. They belong to him, not because he is a subject of civil government or a citizen of a country or a member of society; but precisely because he is man. They are called natural rights because they are due to man's nature and because they come through the process of nature. Even so, they are supernatural in origin, tracing back to God, who is above nature.

Inasmuch as man is free to choose to do evil, regulation of conduct is necessary. Civil government, with the physical power to enforce its laws, is necessary.

Government does not give authority to itself. The idea is self contradictory. Authority comes to government from above. It is indicated implicitly in man's social nature, through which it flows from almighty God, the Author of man's nature. Hence, government is not absolute. It is bound to submit to the divine and objective code of morals.

Both man and government are expected to give glory to God; the one by honorably exercising his rights and the other by securely protecting those rights. This is the Christian concept of justice and of the relationship between man and civil government. Note the order; God is first; man, second; government, third.

This scheme of things has found one

\*At the Red Mass in the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., Feb. 4, 1945.

of its noblest expressions in the U. S. A. Its statement in our Declaration of Independence has few equals in all the political documents of human history. "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." This has been our creed.

Consider the opposite point of view, nationalism. It takes a variety of forms, depending upon opportunity; it expresses itself in varying degrees of frankness. In one country it may be identified with emperor worship; in another, with hero worship. In former centuries its defenders talked about the divine right of kings; today they talk about social utility or racial supremacy. It may be called nazism or atheistic communism or merely totalitarianism. They are all similar. They all stem from the same root, the notion that civil government, as the spokesman of society, is above law.

God, man, government. It is most significant that whenever God is left out, the order of the other two sooner or later is reversed. Government sets itself up as master, which it can do by its collective physical power, and relegates man to the place of servant. Precisely to the degree that government ignores God, it makes itself supreme, and then substitutes might for right.

In the individual man, animal pas-

sions and appetites must always be held under control by the higher faculties. It is similar with civil governments and nations. Selfish inclinations, greed, and lust for power, must always be held in subjection to respect for law, love of God and neighbor. Physical force must always be dominated by spiritual idealism. Once let a nation cease to look above itself for moral guidance, once let it regard itself as all-sufficient, and it is doomed eventually to surrender to the downward pull of lower nature.

This pressure of nationalism is one of the most powerful forces within the whole wide range of human experience. As is to be expected, it characterizes pagan countries. What is not to be expected, however, is that it should become dominant in Christian countries.

The German nation did not fall suddenly into its present madness. The groundwork had been laid, over many generations, in the field of speculative thought; through the writings of the anti-Christian philosophers, Treitschke, Nietzsche, Marx, Hegel, Fichte and others. Their doctrines, like a noxious leaven, worked through German minds and produced the superstate psychology. Under its spell, millions of Germans, the great majority it would seem, became unbelievably apathetic about the preservation of their individual rights. They were victimized by the worst of slaveries, that of the soul.

The record of nationalism is its own condemnation. As the means for attaining some desired end, governments

of modern nations have not hesitated to commit every sort of crime. They have suppressed freedom of speech and association; confiscated private property; separated children from their parents; banished citizens to foreign lands; punished alleged law violators without trial; proscribed religion; sterilized the socially unfit; snuffed out the lives of the insane, the aged, and the incurables; ruthlessly exterminated racial groups. Against any such crime, what plea could the injured victim make? His rights, he had been taught, came from the state. The state had given: the state had taken away.

The curse of nationalism extends in both directions. If a government has no respect for the rights of its own citizens, it certainly feels none for the rights of other nations. It plots wars to acquire territory and power, with no question of morality raised, only that of opportunity. And in the prosecution of such wars, no human right is respected. In the present-day massacre of civilians and the murder of helpless prisoners and hostages, civilization has sunk to an all-time low.

Against this monstrous thing, free men throughout the world have risen in righteous protest. Against it, we of this country are fighting with all the resources at our command; against it, our young men are now dying on distant battle fields. Yet, here at home, in our own speculating about human rights and government, we have begun to drift in the same evil direction.

For the most part, totalitarianism in our country is still in the academic

stage, that of classrooms and textbooks. This is the stage of preparation, wherein currents of thought are started. And here, we note regretfully, a considerable advance has been made. The truth is that the major premise of totalitarianism is now being widely taught to the youth of our country.

Of late years, to explain what I mean, the doctrines contained in the Declaration of Independence are being increasingly ignored. They are regarded as old-fashioned. The explicit avowal of God-given rights, for instance, is no longer generally rehearsed in the classrooms of secular colleges; it is repudiated in standard textbooks of political science and jurisprudence. To replace it, the theory of the social origin of human rights has been devised. And this puts society, and thus the state, in place of God as the source of human rights and of law; and this is the major premise of totalitarianism.

I quote from a textbook recently published by a professor of a well-known college. I do so, not only because of the prominence of the writer, but also because the statement is typical of the whole school of so-called liberal thought. "Viewed from the high point of 20th-century historical and ethnological research, the Declaration is not wholly convincing. Only in a limited sense, if at all, have men ever been created equal, nor are they endowed with any rights except those they can obtain and hold, nor were governments, in spite of certain American precedents, originated to secure these 'inalienable rights'." There you

have the story. That we have only such rights as we are able to obtain and hold is pure totalitarianism.

Let there be no mistake, however, about the attractiveness of this doctrine. It is attractive, as a matter of course, to those who deny the existence of God. It is attractive, likewise, to those who look for novelty, and who identify progress with repudiation of the past. It is attractive, also, to the liberals among us; strangely so, because when carried to its ultimate limit it destroys all individual liberty, the very thing the liberals profess to demand.

Being attractive, it is dangerous; unless checked it will eventually lead the American people into the very type of tyranny which now, by blood and tears, we are attempting to destroy.

In this spiritual conflict, the representatives of the legal profession are the appointed warriors. To them is entrusted the sublime duty of defining and defending God-ordained justice, to turn back the current of the times and direct it once more into channels of truth, toward our Declaration of Independence, toward the Christian concept of justice.



## Discoverer of Vitamins

By DR. CASIMIR FUNK, as told to Jerzy Tępa

Condensed from the *Polish Review*\*

Dr. Funk, an American of Polish birth, is a world-famous scientist, one of the discoverers of vitamins, and was the first to use the term *vitamin*. He was born in Warsaw in 1884.

**I started** research work in the field of vitamins in 1911, after long years of scientific wandering. I had studied physics and chemistry first in Poland and then, while still young, had gone to Berne and Geneva. In Berne I had taken my Doctor's degree in chemistry, after studying under Professor Kostanecki. Later I had gone to Paris, where

I spent two years at the Pasteur Institute; then four years of collaboration with Professors Emil Fischer and Abderhalden, the former a Nobel prize winner, in Berlin. In 1910 I went to London to work there at the Lister Institute.

The following year I began exploring the somewhat unknown world of vitamins. I remained in England until 1915, and then came to the U.S. Returning to Poland, I worked from 1923 until 1927 as chief of biochemistry at the Institute of Hygiene in War-

\*745 5th Ave., New York City, 22. Jan. 4, 1945.



saw, where I had been sent by the Rockefeller Foundation.

While working with Professor Abderhalden, a specialist in protein chemistry, I had noticed, back in 1907, that animals fed with artificial food preparations wasted away. To counteract this, neutral foods, such as milk or powdered meat, had to be added to their diet.

In 1911, I was particularly interested in beriberi, a common disease in countries like India and China, where the population lives principally on white rice, and in scurvy, common on merchant vessels because of their lack of fresh food during long voyages. I also studied rickets and pellagra. The origin of these diseases was the subject of much discussion in scientific circles. Some authorities thought they were a specific form of poisoning, while others looked upon them as infections. Only a very small minority recognized that they were caused by a deficiency of certain alimentary ingredients. The Lister Institute suggested that I devote myself to the study of beriberi, having in mind the possibility that it was caused by protein deficiency. But after a few weeks I dropped the protein idea, as I had reached the conclusion that the agent, a lack of which caused beriberi, was a substance unknown to science. And so I began to hunt for this unknown food element.

Clinical observations had established that beriberi was a specific disease appearing in countries where the people ate polished rice, and that it was not found where unpolished rice was the

staple food. Experiments with animals had also taught us that brewer's yeast and unpolished rice made chickens immune to a similar illness. That observation had made brewer's yeast popular as a basic source of the agents known today as vitamins. About 1911 I began to extract that interesting substance from rice polishings and yeast. Chemical reaction indicated that the substance belonged to an entirely new and unsuspected group of nutritional factors. My research work showed that I had before me a nitrogenous base and that this particular one belonged to the so-called pyrimidine group. The separation of the substance in the laboratory proved tremendously difficult because of the minute quantities found in rice polishings, though a somewhat larger yield was obtained from yeast. Another difficulty was the instability of the new substance. Thus, for instance, when using 100 pounds of material, one obtained, in final analysis, less than one could secure in rapid extraction from 10 pounds of the same material.

I struggled against these difficulties for two years, and finally came to the conclusion that this chemical problem would have to remain unsolved until extraction on a large factory scale became possible. This was a tragedy for me, as no one seemed to realize my difficulties.

But finally I succeeded, in 1912, in isolating chemical substances, one of which I called the antiberiberi vitamin. Today we call it vitamin B-1, or thiamine. The other was nicotinic acid, or



the antipellagra vitamin, known also as niacin.

Thus with niacin the first crystalline vitamin was separated by me in 1912. Studies of the three then isolated crystalline substances proved that besides vitamin B-1 and nicotinic acid a series of other substances was needed to maintain a pigeon or a chicken on a white-rice diet. Above all, my research had shown quite clearly that nicotinic acid is an indispensable food constituent.

The discovery that all these agents were required in animal nutrition was in reality the discovery of the vitamin-B complex, so much in use today.

I called the substances discovered by me in 1912 *vitamins*, i.e., substances indispensable to nutrition. The introduction of the term was not an easy matter. The Lister Institute authorities persisted in erasing that term whenever I used it in scientific papers and reports. It was Dr. Ludwik Rajchman, a Pole, later director of the Medical Bureau of the League of Nations, a well-known hygienist and founder of the Polish Institute of Hygiene, who in 1912 asked me to write an article on the research work I had been doing. As this was not an original article, but a report on my previous work, I was not compelled to submit it to the Lister Institute, and so the term *vitamin* appeared for the first time in the *Journal of State Medicine*. In this article I put forward the view that scurvy was caused by a deficiency of the anti-scurvy vitamin (now called vitamin C), that rickets is caused by a deficiency

of vitamin D; pellagra by a deficiency of antipellagra vitamin, called nicotinic acid or niacin. I called the diseases resulting from a deficiency of those newly discovered nutrients, *avitaminoses*. I also suggested that many other diseases would be found to belong to that group and that vitamins would be of great importance in relation to the study of growth, especially malignant growth. Most of my "prophecies" have proved correct.

In 1913, I first ventured upon an explanation of how some of the vitamins work. I pointed out that an increase of carbohydrates in animal food accelerates the appearance of beriberi symptoms. Thus I emphasized the importance of vitamin B-1 in connection with carbohydrate metabolism. Later progress has fully confirmed my opinion. In 1914, I published the first book on vitamins, a resume of my previous studies up to that date.

At present my research work is in the field of pharmaceutical chemistry, strictly laboratory work, dealing with new medicines. I am pursuing the problem of reducing the toxic effects of certain drugs, such as the sulfa groups, with the aid of liver extracts, of salvarsan, and other remedies that despite their acknowledged therapeutic properties sometimes have severe toxic effects. I am also interested in cancer research. I was able to satisfy myself, as far back as 1913, that while the so-called roussarcoma, a malignant growth peculiar to chickens, cannot be completely cured, its progress can be wholly checked by dietary control.

# Our Unofficial War

Who wants this to continue?

By JOHN W. WHITE

Most non-Catholics will read this factual survey (by a Protestant) with the same dismay and regret that we editors have as we publish it.

The war which the Protestant missionary movement from the U. S. has declared against the Catholic Church in the southern Americas continues to be the most serious obstacle to the success of the good-neighbor policy.

Many mistakes of a political and economic nature have been made in carrying out the policy and so prevented it from creating the good will toward us for which Washington had hoped; but there still is time to correct those mistakes and nullify their damage. The Protestant missionary movement, however, is a vicious and openly declared warfare against the religious faith of our southern neighbors that has stirred up hatred against us throughout the continent and a bitter suspicion of our motives that cannot be allayed so long as the missionaries continue their present offensive operations.

The Protestant missionary war in South and Central America is being fought behind a heavy smoke screen laid down with the shibboleths "Freedom of Religion," "Freedom of Conscience." These principles, so dear to the heart of every citizen of the U. S., have nothing to do with the opposition to the missionaries. The constitutions of nearly all the southern republics guarantee freedom of worship, even in

cases where they protect the Catholic Church as the religion of the state. What the people of the southern Americas object to is that the missionaries abuse this freedom of worship as a license to carry on the most scurrilous and abusive campaign against the Catholic Church.

No protest or complaint ever is heard in South and Central America against the Church of England or the Episcopal church, although both have availed themselves of the guaranteed freedom of religion and established churches throughout the continent. They confine themselves, however, to looking after the spiritual needs of their own members. Neither engages in proselytizing, and although their membership includes people of the country in which they are established, these members were not "converted" as the result of vicious attacks against the Catholic Church.

So "Freedom of Religion," as used by the Protestant missionary movement, is merely camouflage for protecting an organized campaign of abuse that would not be tolerated in the U. S., even under our freedom of religion, because as that campaign is now being fought in the southern republics it constitutes a constant threat to public order and an eventual threat to the stability of the state.

Within the last two or three years, the strategy directors of the Protestant

missionary war in South America have opened a new front in Colombia, "the progressive republic situated at the upper end of the map of South America," as the Southern Baptists expressed it when they announced in 1941, "after mature reflection," their intention to begin an intensive campaign in that country.

Colombia probably is our most sincere friend in South America, in spite of our having taken the Canal Zone away from her. There is less criticism of Americans and of Washington policy in Colombia than anywhere else on the continent, Brazil included. Colombians really seem to like us, while many other southern neighbors most certainly do not. Because of Colombia's proximity to the Panama Canal we need her friendship much more than that of some other republics. Yet that friendship is being rapidly undermined by the missionary war.

Colombians always have been much more devout in their faith than are many people farther south. So it is not surprising that they should resent the declaration last year by a visiting missionary supervisor, a Mr. Roscoe, that evangelization of Colombia was proving much more difficult than that of Africa.

Nor were Colombians better pleased when they received newspapers from the U. S. containing the sensational revelation that in one of their most popular resort towns "the Indians still worship the sun and other idols." The statement was a quotation from the lectures of Mr. Jack Taylor, a mission-

ary from the attractive town of Fusagasugá, 32 miles from Bogotá, the capital. The largest and finest resort hotel in the country makes it a popular winter week-end refuge where people from the high, cold capital enjoy the sunshine and warmth of the lower altitude. The hotel is now used as a concentration camp for imprisoned German residents, and if Mr. Taylor thinks he saw sun-worshipping Indians in the neighborhood, Colombians think he is seeing things.

One reason why the Protestant missionary war is defeating the good-neighbor policy is that the missionaries, in their constant search for funds to support themselves and their families in comfortable cities and suburbs where they are "converting the natives," paint South American countries and their people as little better than the natives of Africa and the islands of the Pacific. Otherwise, competitors from the true mission fields would get the money so generously given by North Americans for foreign missions.

If anyone questions the word *war* in connection with the Protestant missionary campaign against the Catholic Church in the southern republics, he would be well advised to read Colombian newspapers for the last few years. Here are some things he would read:

In the town of Puerto Tejada, in the department of Valle, a mob of Protestant "converts" in 1934 gouged the eyes out of an image of the Virgin Mary, hanged the image in a tree in a mock execution, and then set fire to it.

In the town of Peralonso, an image

of Our Lady of Carmen was attacked with a machete, then thrown to the floor and stamped upon.

At La Tebaida, in the department of Caldas, a mob of "converts" fired revolvers into a religious procession, at the same time shouting obscene insults against the blessed Virgin.

In Bogotá, only two years ago, a crowd of Protestant "converts" tore the robes off an image of the Virgin, bathed the nude figure in cheap brandy, and dragged it through the streets.

As recently as May 30, 1943, there was a serious riot in the town of Duitama when Protestants tried to break up a religious procession in honor of the Immaculate Conception, shouting insults against the Virgin Mary. There was similar rioting in Viotá on Feb. 2, 1941, and in Rionegro on May 31, 1940, when on both occasions rocks were thrown at the image of the Mother of our Lord by Protestant "converts."

In the important cities of Cali and Medellín within the last two years, Protestant "converts" and students of Protestant missionary schools have defiled images of the Virgin Mary at roadside shrines.

There is public record of other abuses, which are too obscene to be detailed. Many U. S. Protestants, especially among the uneducated, who feel so strongly the urge to evangelize the world, seem completely incapable of understanding the reverence which South and Central American Catholics feel for the Virgin Mary as the Mother of Christ. This happens to be one of

the most sacred tenets of Catholicism in the southern Americas, so several of the Protestant missionary groups have made the public insulting of the Virgin the cornerstone of their entire evangelization effort. Their weekly publications and their pamphlets contain the most shameful insults against the Mother of Jesus. Stoning of shrines, and wild orgies of witch burning with a desecrated image of the Virgin as the victim, are important events in their efforts to "convert" equally uneducated people of the poorer classes from Catholicism and lead them to "the true God" of their own particular sect.

The Bucaramanga incident of 1943 will go down in Colombian history as an outstanding battle of the war. It reached such extremes as to become international news and made sensational newspaper reading throughout the Americas for several days.

Bucaramanga also was the high-water mark on the Seventh Day Adventist section of the anti-Catholic front in Colombia. The Seventh Day Adventists have made themselves notorious throughout the continent for the shamelessness of their insults against the blessed Virgin and their abusive defamation of the Pope, these being the two tank divisions of their "evangelization" warfare.

At Bucaramanga, their leader, a Mr. William Baxter, in a lecture at the Peralta coliseum called the Pope the Beast of the Apocalypse. This caused an uprising of protest in which practically the entire population joined. Even the very leftist city council unani-

mously adopted a resolution condemning Baxter's lecture and aligning itself "with the indignation and reproach of Catholicism in Bucaramanga," declaring that the insult to the Pope "has deeply wounded Catholic sentiment, so dear to the people of Bucaramanga."

When the Catholic population organized a huge religious procession as an expression of protest, a large crowd of Protestant "converts" tried to break it up. A riot resulted.

A group of ladies of the best-known families in the city protested to President Roosevelt against Baxter's insults and his constant campaign against the Catholic Church. The American Ambassador, Arthur Bliss Lane, was instructed to go to Bucaramanga and investigate the incident. As a result of his report, Baxter was recalled to the U. S.

The recall of other evangelical leaders who carry on Baxter's tactics would do more than anything else to convince Colombians and other South Americans that the good-neighbor policy is more than an empty slogan.

Colombians are thoroughly convinced of a formal alliance between the U. S. Protestant missionary movement and the communist movement, dedicated to destruction of the Catholic Church south of the Rio Grande. They point to quite an accumulation of factual and circumstantial evidence to support this charge.

The most important evidence undoubtedly is a speech which the Chilean communist senator, Elias Lafferte, made at a secret meeting of communist

leaders from South and Central America at Mexico City in May, 1944, in which he urged communist agitators to support the Protestant missionary movement as a powerful ally in the war against the Church. "They will help us sow the seed of confusion in the minds of Indians and the workers," said Lafferte, as quoted in the weekly review *Mañana* of Mexico City on May 18, 1944. "They will help us make them lose their confidence in God, since they will see that there are many gods. They will help us make them lose their respect for religions and gradually we will infuse our theories of positivism and individual and collective economy."

As the important monthly review *Revista Javeriana* of Bogotá commented: "This undoubtedly is very intelligent tactics, since it would be almost impossible to convert the Catholic masses of this continent to materialism at one move."

Lafferte recited to the communist leaders at Mexico City the list of organizations on which the world communist party depends for its work among the proletariat. In South and Central America, including Mexico, he said, communists work through the Latin-American Federation of Labor, popularly known as the C. T. A. L. (*Confederación de Trabajadores de la América Latina*).

"Within these organizations," Lafferte said, "the communist cells have control which permits us to hope for victory."

"We must war upon the Catholic



Church," declared Lafferte. "The tactics of our struggle make it urgent to impress upon the minds of children, upon the minds of natives, the minds of the workers and the minds of students the worst accusations against the Catholic Church, to drive them away from it and make them join our ranks."

The Protestant missionary movement in the southern republics has been doing just that for many years.

Lafferte's instructions were carried out to the letter at the second inter-American congress of the C. T. A. L. at Cali, Colombia, last December. Support of the Protestant missionary movement was one of the important subjects discussed there, and the Catholic Church was bitterly attacked and insulted at practically every session. The decision of C. T. A. L. to assist U. S. missionaries in their fight against the Church was embodied in one of the ten resolutions approved at the last plenary session of the congress.

Two weeks before the congress met, *Revista Javeriana*, in its issue of De-

cember, 1944, had made the formal charge that an alliance had been arranged between the world communist party and the Protestant missionary movement from the U. S. for the destruction of the Church in South and Central America and that both anti-Catholic movements receive great support from Wall Street.

A month earlier than that, *La Voz Católica* of Cali, in its issue of Nov. 4, 1944, published documentary evidence supporting this charge, under the headline: "Protestantism Joins the Communists to Fight the Catholic Church in the Cauca Valley." The article showed that antireligious pamphlets of the communists at Medellín, capital of the department of the Valley of Cauca, are being printed by the Gospel Missionary Union at its printing plant, which also turns out the rabidly anti-Catholic publication *Mensajero Evangelico* (Evangelical Messenger). Both communist pamphlets and the *Mensajero* carry the imprint of the Gospel Missionary Union's printing plant, *Aurora* (Dawn).

### Fish

The scrupulous fisherman (if any such there be) who argues that fish clearly feel no pain when they are hooked by the throat because forsooth a fish that wriggles free comes up again to bite, might apply his argument with equal reason to the human fish who keep coming up for more war. It is the intelligence that is defective, not the sense of pain.

George Glasgow in the *Catholic Times* (22 Sept. '44).

# Irish Flathead

By STANLEY VESTAL

Excerpt from a book\*

**Above** Great Falls, Mont., the Missouri river flows northeast, through the country of the Blackfeet, but skirting the old-time range of the less warlike Flatheads.

One of the most touching tales of the Missouri river is that of the delegation of four Flathead or Nez Percé Indians who in the spring of 1831, started from their home near the Bitter Root mountains and came to St. Louis. Their purpose was to find Christian missionaries to bring them the true faith.

Their people had learned something of the Christian religion from Canadian Indians visiting their camps. They had come all that long, dangerous journey to seek the light of which they had heard such good reports. Two died in St. Louis and were buried there in the parish cemetery in October and November of that year. No one in St. Louis could understand their language.

Finally, however, they found their way to Gen. William Clark, the explorer, who was then Indian agent. Through him their message was made known to a Protestant, who called the matter to the attention of his church. The two survivors traveled with the artist George Catlin (so he says) some 2,000 miles. Catlin painted two "por-

traits," and gives their names as Rabbit-Skin-Leggins and No-Horns-On-His-Head.

General Clark described the two as Nez Percés. Their tribe has been much disputed, some calling them Flatheads, some Nez Percés, while others think it possible that they were of mixed origin or formed a joint delegation.

It appears that the Canadians who first brought word of Christianity to the Indians in the Rockies described missionaries as Blackrobes (Catholic priests) and that the delegation naturally came seeking Blackrobes to help their people. However, the Protestants first got wind of this Macedonian cry and promptly sent out missionaries of their own before the Catholics took any action. In 1834, the Methodist Episcopal church sent out the Rev. Jason Lee and his nephew, the Rev. Daniel Lee, with some laymen, to found a mission among the Flatheads. These men, however, went on to Oregon to preach the Gospel on the Willamette. Soon after, the Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman met the Flatheads and Nez Percés. But, as the Jesuit Father L. B. Palladino relates, in his instructive book,\* the Flatheads would have

\**Indian and White in the Northwest, A History of Catholicity in Montana, 1831 to 1891, L. B. Palladino, S.J., Lancaster, Pa., 1922.*

\*The Missouri, copyright, 1945, by Walter Stanley Campbell, and reprinted by permission of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., publishers, New York City, 16. 368 pp. \$2.50.

none of them. For, like the Lees, they had wives, wore no black gowns, carried no cross, and did not perform the ceremonies or say the Big Prayer of which the Indians had been told. In short, while the Nez Percés were willing enough to listen to Protestant missionaries, the Flatheads insisted to a man on the genuine Blackrobes.

The message of those four Indians, and their long journey involving the death of two of them, made a powerful appeal to the missionary spirit of America and caused a great many missions to be established throughout the West.

Of the early missionaries, Father Pierre Jean de Smet appears to have made the longest journeys through the Valley, and to have received most notice from historians. He loved the wilderness and the Indians, and the Indians loved him. In 1837, he went by boat from St. Louis to Westport to join the annual expedition of the American Fur Company heading for rendezvous on Green river. From that date on he spent years traveling through the wilderness, and became so influential among the Indians that he was able to serve in a political capacity when no one else could act. In 1868 he ventured with only one other white man in his company from Fort Rice to Sitting Bull's hostile camp on Powder river, and there arranged for the treaty of peace later held at Fort Rice and known to history as the Treaty of Laramie.

On that occasion he gave Sitting Bull a small crucifix, now in my pos-

session; but, though Sitting Bull respected, admired and loved the great Blackrobe and followed his advice as to making peace, the chief would not be baptized nor abandon his gods even for Father de Smet.

The esteem in which the good Father was held by the Sioux is proved by a saying common among old-timers that Father de Smet and Gen. William S. Harney were "the only white men they ever knew who talked sense and told the truth."

Father de Smet celebrated the first Mass in Montana for the Flatheads in 1840. He also worked among the Blackfeet.

One day he preached to a crowd of these Indians through an interpreter. When he had finished, one of the chiefs, all painted and feathered and dressed in buckskins, came down and shook hands with him. He amazed De Smet by speaking very good English, and charged the priest had employed a very poor interpreter. "These people," said the Blackfoot chief, "are deeply interested in what you have preached to them, but your interpreter did not put it before them in the proper way."

"But you, please, sir, where did you learn English?" asked Father de Smet in amazement.

"Faith! In Ireland," replied the Blackfoot chief.\*

The Irishman went on to tell how he had come west, and there became too fond of the bottle. But an old friend, an Indian trader, to save him from drink, had taken him along on

\*Ibid.

one of his expeditions. There he met the Indians, and took to their ways like a duck to water. One day when their enemies attacked, his Irish valor so impressed them they made him a chief.

"'After that,' said he, 'I married a squaw as well as I could, where no sight of a priest was to be had, and I have five papooses whom I have bap-

tized myself, as well as I knew how. But I'd like Your Reverence to do it all over for me and do it right this time.'"

So Father de Smet baptized the Irish chief's papooses, and many thousands of others who had never heard of Ireland.

\*Ibid, p. 189.



### Those Civilian Softies

If peace is to be preserved we must have compulsory peacetime military training so American youth will become professional soldiers and the terror of the world. So goes the chant of those who would impose on America the militarism that has so long "preserved the peace" of Europe.

Straight from the blood-drenched battlefields of Belgium came the answer to their argument. An American officer speaking to an Associated Press correspondent told how America's civilian army had stopped one of the most furious attacks launched by the professional slaughter experts of Germany: "Soda jerks and grocery clerks. Look at them! Pimply faced mothers' boys. Scared school kids. Not a military man among them, and it took this to prove they're the best damned fighting men in the world."

Asked later who saved the position, he cracked, "Who really saved it? Your beat down, undertrained, softy 'civilian soldiers.' That's who did it."

These vigorous and more-than-a-little cynical observations came from the officer only a few days after American headquarters announced that it has not once been necessary for military courts to impose the death sentence on an American soldier for desertion or cowardice in the face of the enemy since D-Day. This is a record unprecedented in modern warfare.

To the professional militarists, many of whom lounge in cozy editorial penthouses and have never felt the itch of khaki against the skin, the magnificent valor and initiative displayed on the battlefield by American soldiers are not enough. They now propose that we teach our future soldiers to goose-step so that they can look impressive in peacetime parades.

Editorial in the *Progressive* (15 Jan. '45).

# Medical Insurance for All?

By W. F. McKEE

Patients' and doctors' dilemma

Condensed from the *Liguorian*\*

**Civic** organizations, politicians, and many doctors themselves are agitating for a change in the present system of providing and paying for medical care. The reason is the pitiful suffering and misery for which America should be able to find some remedy.

The U. S. has been called the healthiest nation on the globe. But this designation tends to create a false idea. It is the healthiest, but not so healthy as it could and should be.

The U. S. ranks 8th in number of mothers who die in childbirth. Some 30% to 50% of those mothers could be saved. Moreover, 50,000 babies a year die from preventable and curable illnesses. The first World War claimed 50,285 dead; but in 1931 alone, 135,845 infants less than one year old died. Many thousands of them died because of inadequate or no medical care. With surgery and radiation treatment, 30,000 of the cancer victims who died last year would be alive this year. We examined 13 million men for the draft: of that number, 29% had to be rejected for medical reasons; this does not include rejections for mental deficiency or mental disease.

More than half the counties of the U. S. have no full-time trained public-health officers. Hundreds of counties are without public-health nurses. Only

a fortunate few have maternal and child-health personnel sufficient to meet their needs and still maintain high standards. Even the combined federal, state, and local agencies are inadequate to cope with fundamental health problems that affect millions, such as maternal and child care, venereal diseases, pneumonia, tuberculosis, and occupational diseases.

The American doctor, too, is not faring so well today as many think. The average medical student under present conditions can look forward to a future economically unsafe. Before the war he saw 59% of the doctors with incomes both unstable and insecure. Of that number 31% (45,000 doctors) had yearly incomes ranging from \$2,000 to \$5,000. But the other 28% (39,000 doctors) received \$2,000 and under. These figures do not include overhead expenses, for which 40% of the doctor's income is used. The incomes for dentists are much the same.

Conditions are further aggravated both for the people and the doctors by the unequal distribution of doctors. They overcrowd the cities, leaving the sparsely settled areas with none or too few. There is one doctor for every 487 New Yorkers but only one for every 1,501 Mississippians. In all Kentucky

\*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. February, 1945.



the average is one physician for every 1,106 persons; but in nine counties of the state, the average is one physician for every 3,000 or more. Such unequal distribution must have harmful effects.

The hospitals also are having their troubles. During the 1930's the American people were faced with the dilemma of not enough beds in many hospitals, including public hospitals, for those who needed them (350,000 more would have been necessary at that time to accommodate ought-to-be-hospitalized patients) and unoccupied beds in other hospitals because the patients could not afford them. Public hospitals, it is true, were jammed. But private hospitals, which patients usually prefer if they can pay, were half-empty. Decline in occupancy means a serious and often disastrous decline in income for private hospitals, most of which are on a non-profit basis, and at all times give many patients free care. In Chicago in 1933, 50% of *all* hospital admissions received free care. Most private hospitals give much part-pay care.

Like the doctors, the hospitals are unequally distributed. In 1,300 counties with a population of 17 million there are no general hospitals at all. The cities have the advantages of modern hospitalization, the more thinly settled areas do not. In New York there is one general hospital bed for every 196 population while throughout the rest of the nation the ratio is one for every 263 population.

The private practice of nursing is in a desperate economic situation. The number of graduate nurses has in-

creased rapidly in recent years so that the number of nurses per 100,000 population rose from 16 to 240 between the years 1900 and 1929. In the past decade the increase has not been so great, but it has been steady. The point is that the number of opportunities to practice nursing remains the same; i.e., the number who can afford nurses does not increase with the number of nurses. A study in New York state in 1934 revealed an average income of less than \$500 a year for private-duty nurses.

The reason the American people do not get more medical care is that most of them cannot pay for it. The more income they have the more care they receive. Those in the highest-income groups (over \$10,000) receive five calls per person a year from the physician; while those in the lower-income groups (under \$1,200) receive less than two calls per person. Even families with substantial incomes (\$3,000 to \$6,000) cannot be absolutely sure they are safe from economic hardship when illness strikes, because serious sickness may come to several members of the same family at the same time, may cling for months or years and reduce a family to want.

With these facts in mind it can readily be seen why the government, doctors, and public-spirited men and women are trying to formulate plans to prevent and cure the unnecessary suffering of millions.

To take care of certain local needs the plans are many and varied and some of them are already in operation.

Some want free clinics enlarged or new ones established. Group hospitalization (very prevalent today) is the answer to the costs of hospitalization for many. Group medicine (several doctors working as a unit to save overhead and to provide a greater range of care) has been able to bring medical care to many who could not previously afford it. The group-payment plan, in widespread operation today, is an insurance project for complete hospital and medical coverage.\* A well-functioning example of this is the Ross-Loos Medical Group in Los Angeles. This is a private clinic which covers the wage earner and his family for \$2.50 a month per wage earner, regardless of size of family; although hospitalization and X-ray services included for the wage earners are not included for other family members.

Some doctors propose real socialized medicine, which could also be designated "state medicine" or "communist medicine." The doctor, hospitals, medical associations would belong part and parcel to the government. The doctor would be the salaried employee of the state. The state would rule medicine much as the American Medical Association does today, but more absolutely. This system would be similar to Russia's, a prospect that cannot even be considered by true Americans.

Another plan is sickness insurance (compulsory) according to vocational groups. This plan was formulated largely with the idea that health risk and life hazard vary according to oc-

cupation, and occupations according to industry. Therefore a plan should be flexible and variable so that one with greater risks pays more for insurance. The funds for care would be derived from contributions from both employer and employee. The various branches of industry would establish autonomous bodies authorized by law to administer a system of health benefits. The government would compel organization of and membership in such social insurance corporations. If each industry, therefore, were required to take care of its own sick and disabled it would be more anxious to maintain healthier and hazardless conditions.

Going right to the heart of the problem and attacking it in its cause is the program of the cooperative movement. Since the cause is largely economic the cooperatives propose the following: A national program of educating the people to the benefits of cooperation (if necessary, with the help of government) should be inaugurated, for cities and rural areas alike. The people in cooperatives of one kind or another (particularly the lower-income groups) would be able to save money for purchasing food, clothing, etc., cooperatively, as several million cooperative members have done. Thereupon, with more money available, they would be able to take care of their own medical and hospital bills; or, if unable to do that, they could add to the existing co-op a new department which would purchase medical care for its members as it purchases any other commodity. Such a program, it is felt, is more in

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, June, 1944, p. 84.

line with the democratic way of doing things than any form of "compulsion."

The last and most widely discussed program today is that of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, pending in Congress. This has come, in many minds, to be identified with "socialized medicine." The bill is a plan to distribute the costs of medical care over the vast majority of the people through compulsory Social Security insurance (or tax). Its supporters call it a national-insurance plan, nothing more. They say that its purpose is to see that adequate medical care is provided for all who need it and an adequate return made to all who provide that care. Its particular feature is that it is most comprehensive, i.e., it leaves no group (with incomes under \$3,000) or medical benefit out of consideration.

The general plan of the bill is this: A surgeon general would be appointed by the President to administer the health program. He would be assisted by an advisory council of 16 members chosen by the medical and hospital associations and other prominent lay groups. Bureaus would be set up in localities according to population demand. All persons with yearly income of less than \$3,000 would be required by law to participate. They would pay a small Social Security tax, with a like contribution from their employer. The self-employed would contribute a tax, too. The program embraces state and federal workers. The indigent would have their insurance paid for them from public funds.

Under the bill the present system

of doctors' offices, privately owned hospitals, etc., would be maintained, but extended. The patient could choose any doctor he wished, and could change if he thought it necessary. When he received care from the doctor or went to the hospital, the government would pay his bill. The doctors would be free to belong to the plan and once they signed up they would have the choice of rejecting patients. The personal relation between the patient and the doctor so necessary for medical care would be maintained. It is even furthered in so far as the plan would remove the cause of much conflict between the patient and the doctor, the bill.

The hospitals would be left free to join or not. A patient would be able to enter the hospital only on the recommendation of the doctor, much as today. The patient would receive 30 days' free hospitalization, as the bill reads today, with provisions for further extensions of this period as more funds became available.

Supporters of the bill maintain that it would solve the problems of deficient medical care in certain classes, without danger to private medical practice and the freedom of Americans individually to choose physicians and hospitals. They list its comprehensive benefits: general practitioners' services to all, specialists' services when needed; X-ray and laboratory use; preventive measures as well as curative. They affirm it would maintain the independence of physicians, encourage medical students by assuring them of financial se-

curity, promote research and specialization.

The opponents of the bill maintain, among other things, that it has two great dangers:

1. The danger always inherent in centralized control of a profession that enters the lives of people so intimately as that of medicine. What is to prevent, for example, a surgeon general or the head of a district federal bureau from dictating norms of procedure that are contrary to the consciences of persons who would nevertheless be at the mercy of the controlling agency? Everyone knows that in the practice of medicine today there are some points on which consciences are sharp-

ly divided, therapeutic abortion, for example, and sterilization.

2. The other danger mentioned is that the freedom offered to private practicing physicians and private hospitals would be such in name only. If they did not join the federal system, they would almost surely be rendered economically incapable of carrying on their work. If they did join, say these objectors, they would lose initiative, or if they preserved it, be subject to a specific authority as to when and how they might indulge it. Neither of these dangers, say the proponents of the bill, would materialize; they maintain that the bill itself has provisions against them.



## Glass

By ORLANDO A. BATTISTA

People will live in glass houses

Glass has been used by man for tens of centuries, but within the past few years our research scientists have made it suitable for thousands of new uses ranging from textile fibers stronger than steel to unbreakable forms of glass which may be hammered and sawed.

A long time ago, glass was rare, and more precious than gold today. Nations fought bitterly for its possession, and the secrets of its manufacture were considered most valuable prizes of war. For example, when the Greeks con-

quered the Egyptians, one of the first things they extorted from their captives was the art of making small colored glass vials in which expensive perfumes could be safely stored. The Greeks, in turn, were forced to pass on the sum total of their glass technology to the Romans, later yielding their processes to the rulers of the Byzantine empire, who controlled the manufacture of glass for some time in Constantinople. But the Byzantine empire was liquidated upon the fall of Constantinople, and Venice became the



glass center of the world. In this city, a Council of Ten was officially appointed to guard secret formulas for making special kinds of glass, and the Venetians became masters of the art of making stained-glass windows. The windows in many European cathedrals are tributes in our day to their great skills, still unexcelled.

Colonization of America created a unique outlet for glass, because, in addition to its customary uses, the colonists found it more valuable than gold coins in bartering with the Indians. In 1607 the colonists established the glass industry in the New World, erecting their first factory near Jamestown, in what was then the colony of Virginia, to make beads and glass trinkets which could be used in trading with natives. Since that time, the U. S. has become the world's foremost producer of all types of glass.

Already, factories and homes are using glass tiles for many new purposes, and the buildings of the future will use hollow tiles to provide brighter rooms and excellent insulation. The number of wartime uses to which glass has been put is estimated by thousands. Hundreds of miles of pipe lines have been made of pyrex glass for conveyance of corrosive chemicals; industrial and biological pumps have been fabricated completely from glass; and glass springs have been made which may be actuated many millions of times without showing any signs of strain.

Ribbons of glass taffy are fed into ingenious machines which turn out electric-light bulbs at the amazing rate

of 500 to 600 a minute. More than 1,000 varieties of light bulbs and electronic tubes have been manufactured for use in the war effort, including millions of fluorescent lighting tubes which enable war industries to keep going independent of the weather or sunlight.

Pyrex glassware, an all-American discovery, is undoubtedly one of the most important advances in modern glass technology. Its development came about when scientists were handed the problem of finding a glass composition which could be used to replace the glass globes used in railroad signal lanterns; the old type glass would gradually dissolve from exposure to rain and snow. Today, we have pyrex glassware which will stand extremes of heat and cold without fracturing. I have observed demonstrations in which pyrex glass is heated to redness, and then immediately plunged into ice water without cracking. Pyrex laboratory apparatus has been a godsend to the research scientist and without it the bulk of the great chemical discoveries of the last decade or more would not have been possible.

Bottles protect medicinals on every battle front, in every hospital, and bathroom medicine cabinet, and glass containers bring dehydrated blood plasma and sterile water to the wounded men on battlefields. Innumerable types of serums and antitoxins, necessary for the prevention of some of the most deadly infectious diseases, are contained in sealed glass tubes.

Binoculars, wide-angle camera lenses



which permit an aerial photographer to cover larger areas, telescopes for the signal corps, gun sights on battleships, and periscopes on submarines are products of the glass industry. In addition to the indispensable common spectacles, millions of goggles are worn to protect eyes against flying particles or dust, and there are special goggles for protection against damaging ultra-violet light, or welder's glare. Glass mats, woven glass ribbon and cloth are employed in the manufacture of storage batteries and electrical machinery, and all oceangoing vessels are now equipped with fire curtains made of glass textile fibers because they are fire and vermin proof. Glass wool is used for insulation purposes on battleships and flying fortresses, because four inches of it will provide as effective insulation as 14 feet of concrete. A glass foam, about one-third the weight of cork, has been serving as a satisfactory substitute for cork and kapok in life preservers.

In the field of safety glass, we have gone a long way from the day in 1903 when the French chemist, Edouard Benedictus, reached up for a bottle on his laboratory shelf, and accidentally knocked another bottle onto the floor. When he started to sweep the pieces up, he was startled to find that the shattered bottle retained its shape because the collodion which it contained had cemented the fragments together. From this observation came the idea of making "sandwiches" out of two sheets of glass and a plastic binding

cement, and many intriguing problems had to be solved before the modern forms of safety glass were perfected. The days when windshields of automobiles would become discolored have long since been forgotten, and a sheet of new high-test safety glass may be pounded with a hammer until the glass is broken into minute chunks, after which it may be rolled up like a rug without scattering broken glass fragments. Safety glass made the modern automobile less hazardous, and saved hundreds of thousands of lives, and in almost every vehicle of war it is being used to protect the lives of our fighting men.

When one reviews the many advances which have been made in recent years in the field of man-made glass, it is difficult to see how our scientists can do much more with it. But glass research men claim the public will be in for many postwar surprises. There is good reason to believe that newly developed annealing processes will produce forms of glass which can compete with the plastics, glass which will bend easily, and which may be machined on a lathe like hardwood. As one chemist said, "Scientists are just now beginning to see some of the many applications of glass in fields where it has for tens of centuries been excluded because of its brittleness. In the world of tomorrow, glass will make its debut into many undreamed of places, and become one of the most common and most versatile of man's resources."

# The Achievements of Franco

By M. D. SHAW

Condensed from the *Weekly Review*\*

Let them decently concede

To maintain that the present government of Spain, of which General Franco is the head, has, since its accession to power in 1936 proved to be of greater good to its country than in any other period since the republic was initiated in 1931, may cause some surprise, but that such is actually the case can be easily demonstrated.

Our leftist press will maintain that Franco is a tyrant monster, ruling by terrorism alone; that having won a war by means of foreign assistance, he has failed to establish peace; that the country is seething with discontent; that the left and/or the communists are about to seize power; that then Spain's political problems will be solved; all will be well; peace and prosperity will again be in sight.

Those who know the history and characteristics of the Spanish people are well aware how far removed from the truth such a picture may be.

Let us re-state some facts our left press has either forgotten or of which it was always ignorant or perhaps deliberately ignores.

Since the Spanish Republic was proclaimed in 1931, but even as far back as 1860, there has not been a moment of unity. "During the first four and a half years of the republic, Spain lived under three leaderships. The Spanish Cortes held a multiplicity of views

and parties, and mostly more bitterly opposed than any parties in our own Parliament. The left ruled from December, 1931, to December, 1933; the right from December, 1933, to February, 1936; the left again from February, 1936, to July 18, 1936. During the first period the left had to meet an armed revolt of the right in 1932. During the second period the right met an armed revolt of the left in 1934. During the third period the left again met an armed revolt from the right in 1936, and the republic, giddy with these wild swayings, died with them" (Mada-riaga, *Spain*, p 303).

The prisons were full of political prisoners at all times and persecution and violence towards opponents was common to both left and right.

Imprisonment of political opponents is no invention of Franco's. It is practised to a much greater extent by Stalin and Hitler.

In 1936 the Spanish President, Azaña, declared an amnesty. Thousands of political prisoners were set free. Disorders and violence at once increased tenfold. Churches were again in flames, landowners' houses were invaded, their cattle destroyed, their crops burnt.

When Calvo Sotelo rose in the Cortes to protest against the violence and crimes committed by the left, Do-

\*21 Essex St., Strand, W. C. 2, London, England. Jan. 25, 1945.

lores Ibarruri, known as *La Passional*, a communist member (an abnormal and ferocious harridan, the like of whom might have been seen around scaffolds and guillotines screaming in her sadistic joy, who boasted she had several children but did not know the father of any of them), shouted at him, "That is your last speech." He was assassinated shortly after, under peculiarly revolting conditions. Five days later the Civil War began. Spain had sunk into political chaos. It was quite evident that the country was not ready nor able to carry on government under parliamentary and democratic conditions. Salazar, in Portugal, had made the same discovery years before. Let there be no mistake about it, neither of those countries is today any more able to do so.

We know very well that "general elections" and "plebiscites" in European countries, held largely among illiterate peasants with no political education, directed through terrorism and influenced by wild and impractical promises made by unscrupulous agitators, are complete farces.

There is every indication that the communists are seeking by force to seize power in every European country. Vernon Bartlett, in a recent broadcast, pointed out that communist organization, perfected long before the present war, enables them to strike immediately the opportunity arises. That organization was world wide, in accordance with Russian policy. The Communist International has been dissolved, but few doubt that their secret

methods follow the same old patterns.

Reports from Paris, New York, and Mexico all inform us of increased activities by Spanish leftist exiles to overthrow the present Spanish government, though these would not seem to be co-ordinated movements, and so reflect the differences and dissensions which have always characterized the left and were partly responsible for their defeat in the Civil War. Obedience and discipline are abhorrent to the Spaniard. The unyielding and absolute nature of the Spanish character is the psychological root cause of all Spanish troubles.

At the close of the Civil War in 1939, Spain was in no position to enter war on either side, though it is abundantly clear that, had she succumbed to the then triumphant successes of nazi power and the immediate menace on her very borders, our position in the Mediterranean would have been seriously affected. It should be understood that the opening successes of the German campaign: the collapse of France, and the seemingly defenseless position of England, fighting alone, made a German victory appear a certainty. General Franco resisted the temptation and the counsels of his pro-nazi advisers, but he was in no position to flout the German danger, and had to play a double game. He was not the only diplomat who found this expedient. While doing so he managed to annoy us in many ways, and it is generally admitted that he made some unnecessary and unstatesmanlike utterances, based on a mistaken view of

both the present and future. But mistakes are made by the best of us.

That Franco has failed to achieve peace among his own people is one of many accusations, but, in view of the facts, no great surprise should be caused by such a failure, and it is tragically comic to be asked to believe that peace can be secured by a revolutionary seizure of power by any other party, or that the cause of democracy in Spain can be furthered thereby.

To sum up then, Franco's policy has not benefitted the nazi interests either politically or commercially any more than it has benefitted or harmed us. On the contrary, without his connivance our North African landing would have proved much more difficult, if not almost impossible. For this he received credit from Mr. Churchill, hailed with howls of disapproval by the left press.

It should also be remembered that Franco was never a political agitator or place seeker. His present position is almost an accident of fate. It is a mistake to place him in the same category as Hitler, Stalin, or Mussolini (when he was in power). He has not the same

qualities nor character, and has never desired world domination. His devotion is to Spain. He has kept his country out of the war; in spite of unfavorable trade conditions, its economic position has definitely improved. He has preserved his country from the fetters of foreign monetary assistance, which was definitely offered him and was sorely needed after the vast shipments of Spanish gold were made to Moscow by the fleeing, vanquished leftists. Perhaps Dr. Negrin, who has lately become vocal, might reveal the uses to which this treasure has been put, at least that part of it which he carried off himself.

Spain has remained superficially tranquil for a longer time than ever happened during the republic: time which may have allowed the opponents to reassemble their forces, but at the same time, we hope, to look at Europe, and appreciate the dire effects of another bloody revolution.

The left press would do well to realize that its encouragement of further revolution is, in fact, an incitement to further bloodshed and chaos.

Scripture tells us of Dives, who refused to give the crumbs off his table to Lazarus, who lay half starved outside his gate; the rich man's dogs got those crumbs.

On some Chinese markets a baby sells for \$5; a good dog sometimes brings \$100.

During the 30's, in New York City, dogs inherited large fortunes and lived lives of luxury; down on the Bowery the Lazaruses stood for hours in the cold rain waiting for a few pieces of bread and a bowl of soup.

In a certain city in Kansas a group of canine lovers is seeking a location for a dog hospital; in that same city, even seriously sick residents cannot get proper hospital care.

Stanley G. Douville, S.J.



# Poland's Eastern Frontier

By JOHN S. MIX, C.R.

Condensed from the *Cantian*\*

Swords separate countries badly

**The territory** which Russia claims from Poland has been Poland's from the dawn of her history, ruled by her, inhabited by a Polish majority, and influenced by Polish culture.

Poland's known history begins with the year 966, when her first King, Mieszko, and her people became Catholics. Within the first few decades after that Poland increased her territory by uniting the Slavic groups from the Baltic sea to the plains south of the Carpathians, and from the Elbe to the Bug rivers. In 1024 Poland extended northerly to the Baltic from the Oder to the Vistula; in the east it reached the Bug and the territory where later (1240) was founded the city of Lwow; in the south it included Slovakia as far as the Danube and Bohemia; in the west it went to the Elbe.

In 1386 Queen Jadwiga of Poland married Grand Duke Wladyslaw Jagiello of Lithuania, who together with all his subjects embraced the faith of his queen consort and joined his lands to hers. This union almost doubled Poland's size. It included the lands northeast of Kovno and those directly south, including the Pripet regions.

The year 1569 saw final and permanent unification of Poland and Lithuania. The Ukraine, Ruthenia, Podolia, and Volynia joined the Polish crown and the grand principality of Lithu-

ania and formed "one indissoluble union." About this time Livonia and Latvia, seeking the advantages of western culture, asked to be incorporated as provinces of the Polish commonwealth. Poland thus became one of the largest countries in Europe, containing 430,502 square miles. Moving east from the border between Germany and Poland, then approximately as it would be Sept. 1, 1939, Poland included all of East Prussia, and, along the Baltic, the present-day states of Lithuania, Latvia, and the southern part of Estonia. The eastern boundary toward Moscow (present-day Russia), was, in the north, a line just west of Pskov; it then bent far to the east to include land beyond Smolensk, the valley of the Dnieper and its tributaries, as far as the west bank of the Doniec. South of the Dnieper, the land was Tatar. The Ukraine was Polish down to the Black sea.

In 1686 Poland ceded to Russia, besides some border districts of White Russia, the whole eastern part of the Ukraine, including Kiev. The Ukraine (the Kievan state), by the way, has never enjoyed political autonomy, and has frequently changed allegiance, belonging once to the Poles, then to the Tatars, and again to the Poles, and finally to the Russians.

During the regime of Peter the

\* 3689 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, 8, Mo. February, 1945.



Great, Russia became an empire with a strong military force, and soon afterwards showed an ambition to play a leading part in general European policies. From then on it became one of Russia's main objectives to destroy the independence of Poland, for Poland stood in the way and hindered Russia's expansion and direct contact with the powers beyond Poland. Russia's objective was realized with the partitioning of Poland engineered by Catherine the Great.

At the time of the first partition in 1772, Poland's area was 392,664 square miles. Prior to the second partition in 1793, Poland contained 200,772 square miles. Two years later all this territory was taken from her by the third partition. From 1921 to 1939, the period during which Poland again enjoyed her autonomy and had fixed her boundaries, her area was about 150,470 square miles.

This historical sketch reveals an uninterrupted continuity and a complete identity between the country called Poland 1000 years ago and the Poland of Sept. 1, 1939. To be exact, we should say that the Poland of 1939 was only half of her historical self, since she had given up her rightful claim to much of her former territory to avert trouble with Russia in 1921.

But the historical argument in favor of Poland carries hardly any weight with a great many observers today. In their opinion the Polish-Soviet dispute should be settled on ethnographic grounds. Seeing (but not understanding) the mixture of nationalities in-

habiting eastern Poland, they favor the surrender of that part to Russia, apparently taking for granted Russia's unfounded contention that the non-Polish elements there belong to her. What they conveniently fail to take into consideration is the fact that nowhere in Europe are ethnographic frontiers clearly delineated, and that at any point where two neighboring countries meet there are always territories inhabited by a mixed population. Take, for an example, the Franco-German frontier (Alsace and Lorraine), or the Danish-German frontier (Schleswig), the Balkan peninsula (Macedonia), the Italian-Yugoslav frontier (Fiume), the Austrian-Italian frontier (Tirol), or the Czechoslovak-German frontier (Sudetenland).

Eastern Poland likewise has a mixed population. Since 1569 that part of Poland has had to contend with two cultures: one influenced by the western or Roman spirit, the other by the eastern or Byzantine. But in spite of the differences, there were no problems of nationality in the past such as exist today. (In 1547 there was an attempt to unite the then federated Polish Republic with the Russian czardom. But the constitutional and cultural differences, as created by Ivan the Terrible, were so profound that all such schemes, whether suggested by the Poles or the Russians, proved to be entirely impracticable.)

Under the Polish-Lithuanian Union of 1569, under which the Ruthenians and Ukrainians also became united with Poland, the principle of complete

equality of language was fully recognized. The upper classes in Lithuania, who used the White Ruthenian language to a far greater extent than Lithuanian proper, even adopted the Polish language simply in consequence of the natural penetration of Polish culture and of social contacts with the Poles.

In partitioning Poland, Russia took the eastern half of the country, where most of the rural population had remained Ukrainian or White Ruthenian. In that same section, however, there lived not only many Lithuanians who never had anything in common with Russia, but also, and in a much larger number, Poles, who for four centuries had prompted the cultural development of that borderland of western civilization. How little Russia cared for ethnic considerations at the time is clearly shown by two significant facts: one of the first provinces she claimed was the Polish part of Livonia, while at the same time she agreed that eastern Galicia should go to Austria.

The territory annexed by Russia in the three partitions had all been part of Poland from the 14th century. It had never belonged to Muscovite Great Russia, and had developed in such an entirely different direction that the Ukrainian and White Russian people of that region had much more in common with their Polish fellow citizens than with the new conquerors and their policy of artificial Russification.

In 1815, at the Congress of Vienna, a fourth partition of Poland took place,

with czarist Russia acquiring more territory to the west, including the central part with Warsaw. The southeastern part, eastern Galicia, still remained under Austrian "protection."

On what does Russia base her claims to Poland's eastern territory? Russian nationalists claim that all non-Polish nationalities, especially Ukrainians and White Russians, are members of the Russian nation and should therefore belong to Russia. This is not true. These two nationalities have much more in common with the Poles than with the Muscovite Russians. In fact, it is impossible for a Muscovite to understand the language of a Ruthenian or Ukrainian any more easily than a Pole can. Besides, Moscow or "Great Russia" had no connection with the Polish part of these lands until it seized them in 1793-95. The Ruthenian peasants are nearly all farmers, tenaciously attached to their land and to their cooperative societies. Neither Russian nationalist nor communist claims to the western Ruthenians have any real basis. Ukrainian nationalism before the war was strongly anti-Russian.

Russian claims to Wilno and Lwow, two of the greatest centers of Polish culture, are nonexistent on either historical or ethnographic grounds. Wilno was included in the territory taken by Russia in the partition of Poland; that does not make it Russian. Neither did Russia ever succeed in making Wilno Russian, because the population of that city remained predominantly Polish even until 1939, when, among a population of 195,100, only 7,400 inhabitants

were Russians, and they did not even speak Russian. Lwow, on the other hand, had never been under Russian domination, even in the course of the partitions of Poland. That city was under the Austrian rule. Russian inhabitants in Lwow in 1939 numbered only 500, of a population of 312,200.

The great masses of inhabitants of both cities belong to the western Catholic Church. In Lwow there was a sizeable community of Ukrainians and White Ruthenians (35,100), who as far back as 1596 became reconciled with Rome. (Not all accepted the union at once, but on the eve of the partitions most of them, as far as they still remained within the boundaries of the Polish commonwealth, were Uniats. Those who after the partition came under Russian rule were later forced to return to the Greek-Orthodox Church, so that only the Ukrainians of Austrian Galicia remained Catholics of the Oriental rite.) This resulted in new contacts with the West, but safeguarded at the same time the Oriental rite, which, together with the language of the large masses of the population, strengthened the national consciousness of the Ukrainians.

Wilno and Lwow are bulwarks of a Polish-Ruthenian civilization that has given a great deal to Europe and will give much more if adverse influences from external sources do not interfere with their development.

For centuries Poland has implanted

a Christian and western civilization in her eastern provinces, and the flower of Polish chivalry perished there in defense of western ideals. The universities of Wilno and Lwow and the Krzemieniec *lycee* were fortresses of Polish and also of western European culture. The possession of those eastern provinces is absolutely vital to Poland, whereas to Russia, with her enormous area, population, and material resources, they are of no importance whatever except to absorb and enslave unwilling people into her way of life.

Of course, to our "realists," historical, cultural, and moral arguments, upon which the Polish side of the Polish-Soviet dispute chiefly reposes, mean very little. For them the sword is mightier than the pen. Stalin has made known his demands and is able to back them with force. That settles everything.

But what about these questions? Did Poland decide to fight Germany because of the latter's claims for a "revision" of her western frontier only to accept the Russian claims for half of her territory in the east? Did Poland oppose nazism merely to accept another form of totalitarianism? Did she challenge the racial myth of Pan-Germanism and the German pretensions to leadership on the European continent, merely to be merged in Pan-Slavism under Russian leadership? Is Poland to serve as a doormat for another war?

A fascist country is a place where they name a street after you one day and chase you down it the next.

Bill Halligan in *Now* (1 Feb. '45).

# The Faith on an Atoll

Ulithians' Catholicism

By KEITH WHEELER

Condensed from a news release\*

**You don't** have to be a Catholic to understand that the celebration of Mass here on Ulithi† is a remarkable manifestation of faith.

Nobody hereabouts knows in exactly which century the tattooed, coffee-colored, nearly clothesless natives were converted, but no one can doubt that it took.

Because of the barrier of language (Ulithians speak bits and pieces of almost every civilized tongue except English) it is difficult to trace much of their history. Once they were visited by Padre Blanco, an old priest rumored to be Belgian. Later their confessor was Padre Bernardo, who came occasionally from Japanese Yap island. Chaplain James Patrick Rice, U.S.N., believes Bernardo was an American Jesuit. At any rate, his last visit was six years ago.

Since then, the faith has been kept alive by the worshipful natives themselves who nightly gathered before the altar in their church and repeated the Rosary in unison. Lacking a priest, they made valid marriages by taking vows before two witnesses.

U. S. friendly intentions toward the natives were nearly wrecked by a precautionary bombardment before our landing in September last year. A straf-

†Near Yap, in the direction of Guam.

ing plane mortally wounded Kalara, the 17-year-old daughter of Chief Wehr. She died aboard an American ship after receiving Extreme Unction.

Resentment at her violent death has been soothed largely through ministrations of Father Rice and Chaplain James Norton, the latter a member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame.

When Father Norton was identified as a priest, the natives greeted him with a reverent request for his blessing. The chaplain complied, and later discovered the natives' preference in procedure. They wanted him to place his hand upon their noses in benediction.

One of his first jobs was catching up on the blessing of marriages and baptizing of children who had been accumulating for six years.

When he prepared to say Mass the first time, the chaplain found an altar already waiting, along with altar boys, lithe, brown-skinned, perfectly schooled Eduardo and Isaac, one in a black breech cloth and the other in white.

I watched while Father Norton heard confessions and afterward celebrated a high Mass. Hearing confessions is still his toughest hurdle. He doesn't understand the mixture of Micronesian, Japanese, Latin, and German in which they are made.

\*Reprinted by permission of the Chicago Times and the North American Newspaper Alliance, 247 W. 43rd St., New York City, 18 Jan. 30, 1945.

There was no question about the congregation, however. It was obvious they understood perfectly the liturgy of the Mass, making the Latin responses in musical, full-throated voices as they crouched in the little thatched church, dark and naked and deeply

reverent, before the altar decorated with a plaster image of the Virgin, ordinary lithographs, white frangi-panni blossoms, and candles flickering in beer-bottle holders. And no city choir ever sang a high Mass with greater fervor.



## The Bombing of Rome

By RICHARD TREGASKIS

Precision job

Condensed from a book\*

Front-line reporter Richard Tregaskis made his reputation early in the war, with his book, *Guadalcanal Diary*, which first brought home to the American people the bloody work being done in the far Pacific. His second book, *Invasion Diary*, from which the following article is taken, was written while Mr. Tregaskis was recovering from a head wound, received Nov. 22, 1943, when a German mortar-shell fragment chiseled away a portion of his skull while he was out with the Rangers. A tantalum plate takes the place of the missing portion of skull.

**Major Max Boyd**, of the Air Corps, dropped in casually at press headquarters in North Africa, July 17, 1943, and let it be known that an air mission of considerable importance was impending. His quiet approach made the whole matter so much the more mysterious. When he said that any of us who wanted to go along should report to Air Corps Headquarters tomorrow, my interest perked up. Anything to distract me from the an-

noyance of waiting was welcome.

July 18. At Allied Air Force Headquarters we were met by Brig. Gen. Laurie Norstad, second in command to Maj. Gen. Carl Spaatz. Slim, blond, clean-cut General Norstad greeted us soberly. Less than 35 years old, he is the ultramodern officer.

General Norstad drew some photographs from a file and passed them out to us. They were aerial pictures of cities and other bombing targets.

"Our job is to cut the enemy's communication lines," he began in his precise manner, choosing his words carefully. "The photo-reconnaissance unit photographed our raids in Sicily. It seems that we did a lot of damage. Our emphasis is now shifting to the mainland. We have made two attacks on Naples, probably the most concentrated to date."

There was a pause. General Norstad

\**Invasion Diary*. 1944. Copyright, 1944, by Random House, Inc., New York City, 22. 245 pp. \$2.75. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.



seemed to be measuring his words. "I think we have demonstrated that we bomb for military effect. We do not bomb to scare people. We've now reached the point where it is necessary to cut the enemy's supply lines. We must achieve the destruction of enemy aircraft and bases.

"Bombardment from the air is a precise instrument. We are using it with precision methods. That is done in all cases. Precision bombing reached a peak at Pantelleria. We checked it every day. We checked it coldly and scientifically. We found that we were even a little too conservative in our claims."

The General waited a moment. We looked up expectantly.

"There may be an air attack on Rome very shortly." He spoke almost casually. An electric silence filled the room. It was broken when General Norstad continued in his meticulous way.

"It is very important in this mission that not one of the religious institutions be damaged. We have selected our crews with utmost care. When the city is attacked, it will be only by those units which have indicated they are capable of bombing with great accuracy."

It developed that some 250 heavy bombers and nearly 300 mediums would attack marshaling yards and similar installations.

Norstad gave out confidential photographic mosaic maps of Rome.

"You will notice that I have marked the Vatican and the other religious

monuments with this legend: 'Must on no account be damaged.' Here is the St. Paul basilica, less than five miles from the San Lorenzo yards. There is St. John Lateran. That too must be given a wide berth. The closest of all the buildings is St. John Lateran, about a mile and a half away.

"If any cloud formation exists which might make bombing inadvisable, we will not do it. Those are our orders. We have been preparing for this mission literally for months. But when we do it, when we go out to destroy something, we should really destroy it, go out and bomb the hell out of it."

Eight of us correspondents were chosen to make the flight over Rome. A C-53, two-engined transport plane, had been chartered to take us to the air bases where the attack on Rome would originate, and afterwards to Algiers to write our stories.

As the last remnants of sunlight were fading over the bare, almost grassless African plain, Herbert Matthews, of the *New York Times*, and I reached the camp of the Heavy Bombardment Group to which we were assigned. Already the chill evening winds had begun to blow through the tent camp. From across the company street came the sounds of a reed organ, and voices singing a hymn. Chaplain Harold T. Whillock, of Springfield, Ill., who was passing, volunteered the information that singing was quite common here on Sunday night. The chaplain said that church attendance had been very good today, the day be-

fore the Rome raid, and that three separate services had been conducted, one for Protestants, two Masses for Catholics.

A yellow harvest moon hovered on the sharp horizon, and the evening star was brilliant on the blue shoulder of the night. The quartet in the briefing tent across the street, which did double duty as a church, shifted into another hymn, and from the yellow triangle of light which was the door of the neighboring tent came the sounds of a squeaking phonograph, giving out the swing version of *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anyone Else but Me*.

July 19. This morning at six o'clock, carrying our armful of paraphernalia, which included oxygen masks, ear-phones, Mae Wests, and field glasses, we joined the group of crew members being "briefed" by Col. Fay R. Upthegrove, C. O. of the outfit. Most of the pilots (the grapevine of underground information was usually rapid in any aviators' society) knew in advance that the mission was to be against Rome.

Nevertheless, as he stepped onto the little wooden platform in front of the large black briefing board, the Colonel announced for the benefit of those who had not heard the news, "This morning we're going to bomb Rome. There is need for great accuracy in this job. I don't want any individual bombing. If you have to salvo 'em, why, salvo 'em—but get 'em out over the target."

The Colonel looked tired. The sound of airplane engines on the field made it difficult to hear him. But he was assertive and conscientious. Standing un-

der the garish glare of a naked electric-light bulb, holding a sheaf of notes in his hand, he glanced up at the large cellophane-covered map of the target area on his left. He repeated himself vehemently, "If there's any doubt in your mind, don't drop."

With a long wooden pointer, he indicated a point about 15 miles from Rome. "You come into Italy here," he said, "and turn on a wide angle. That'll take you right on to the target. The squadrons will javelin down and echelon to the left. The target is only 1,500 feet wide, so you'll have to watch your bomb interval and get your bombs away fast."

The meteorologist had a brief report that the weather was "generally good, with low clouds and low winds over the target." The bomber crews trooped out of the tent toward their planes. I stayed behind to meet Capt. Robert F. Elliott, of Richmond, Cal., the pilot who was to fly the ship in which I was a passenger; the navigator, Lieut. Ben W. Jones, of Washington, Ga.; and Lieut. Warren S. Douglas, of Atlanta, Ga., the bombardier.

I asked Elliott what he thought about the mission, and he said cheerfully, "It should be pretty good." Jones glanced slyly at me and allowed that flak was considerable these days.

The motors of the big plane roared, one by one, as the pilots tested them individually.

We were airborne, and on the way to Rome. The element leader and several other Fortresses were forming up below, and to the side. In a few min-

utes we rode over the convoluted mountains of North Africa, and were above the Mediterranean.

The earphones rattled into my auditory nerves. It was a warning from Captain Elliott, the pilot. "All gunners, all gunners, we're off the coast of Sardinia. You'd better get on the alert. You might pick up a plane or two here." Douglas wriggled into his parachute harness. Jones checked his Mae West.

We were climbing steadily, and if I wanted to talk to the other members of the crew, I would have to hurry, before we reached oxygen level, at about 12,000 feet. From then on, I would have to stay fairly close to the oxygen tap, in the nose.

I crawled to the pilot's compartment and talked to Elliott and his co-pilot, Lieut. Julius Horowitz.

In their masks, Jones and Douglas were no longer individual American boys, with likable features, but only expressionless, goggle-eyed, gray cogs in a larger machinery. Looking at the uniform snouts, I read on the blunt metallic end of their new faces: "Type A-10-STO." War is the assassin of personality.

We turned sharply to another leg of our course. Now we could see clearly the curving blue arc of the shoreline of Italy. Rising from the mist to the south, a geyser-like knout of black smoke towered into the sky, and farther to the left a plume of white smoke. Rome must be down there, more than 60 miles away. The waves of bombers preceding us had done their job well!

That last village over which we had passed was evidently Civitavecchia, on the coast north of Rome, and ahead of us lay the flat blue saucer of Lake Bracciano.

We passed over the shallow blue plain of the lake, and I craned into the nose of the greenhouse trying to make out the white, gull-like shapes of Italian seaplanes anchored on the surface. The seaplanes appeared to be motionless, and we could have destroyed them, but the target of the day lay ahead, and we would have ignored any other objective.

The great mushroom-cloud to the right marked the fires rising murderously from the San Lorenzo marshaling yards. Down there in the midst of the clouds of smoke I could visualize the twisted sidings of the yards and the blown-up buildings of the steel factory and workshops in the area.

The planes ahead of us, dots against the flak-floored masses of cumulus clouds, were winging over the etched rows of streets and buildings which were Rome. Antiaircraft fire was rising to meet them. There were black smudges, puffs which smeared into foul little clouds, to the right and left and ahead. The first puffs of ack-ack directed toward us sprang into life. Suddenly everything seemed to be happening at once, as had been my experience during the minutes of the approach to a bombing target in every attack I had witnessed in the South Pacific. It was 11:25, and the voice of the bombardier squeaked in the interphone: "Bomb bays open." The build-

ings in the tiered rows of streets in the city of Rome began to grow larger. A crawling thrill of excitement electrified my brain as I spotted the gray, winding tape of the Tiber bending like a worm through the heart of the city, curling into Rome!

Lieutenant Douglas, his head pressed tight against the rubber eyepiece of the bombsight, moved nervously. His right hand, expertly, with the graceful movements of a symphonic conductor, adjusted the little metal wheel, lining up his salvo. Automatically his mind must be running over computations familiar to the modern master of destruction, the bombardier: the tables of windage, altitude, bomb interval, and weight—all the factors in drawing his pattern of explosion and death and damage. Jones, his work of navigation to the target done, stood up, a hunch-backed figure in the bulk of Mae West, seat-pack parachute, and oxygen mask, and unhooked the cable which supported the portside machine gun in the nose. This would be the time when enemy fighters might make their most determined bid to knock us down.

Puffs of antiaircraft filled the sky ahead and a straight line of bursts broke into the air directly in our path. But any deflection from the line of the attack would have cost us a miss or two. In a bombing run, the pilot must always hold to his course, although he may have to fly through hell to get to his objective. So on we went, and the ack-ack bursts, first concentrated and dense, expanded into sooty clouds that seemed to drive directly into our

vision. The view from the greenhouse was smothered by the passing smoke. I was astounded to see the man-made cloud slip over the smooth surface of the wing, like water, apparently without any damage at all to our machine.

The planes ahead of ours had passed the target, and their bombs had fallen into the far-spread city. I saw the mushroom-cloud of smoke, where the previous bombs had fallen into San Lorenzo, bubble and regurgitate with hundreds of new bomb explosions.

We were coming on the range ourselves. I saw the silvery wedge of railroad tracks and sidings which marked the location of the yards. My field glasses clattered against the vibrating plexiglass of the greenhouse while I tried to pick out the Vatican, St. John Lateran, and St. Paul's. I could spot none of those buildings, but even in the excitement of the moment, I knew that the Tiber lay between the target of the marshaling yards and the Vatican. We were on course.

Jones was turning his gun, and I wondered if he had seen an enemy plane. At that moment I heard the rasping voice of the bombardier and the cry: "Bombs away!" I looked at my watch. It was 11:39. The antiaircraft was increasing in violence and still we passed through salvos of black clouds. I wedged myself into the very nose of the greenhouse and watched the flash and puff of the bomb explosions below springing into being like a living carpet of flame and smoke. I looked carefully to see whether the bombs had overridden their target, to fall near the

Lateran and St. Paul's. With my photographic map in one hand and my field glasses in the other, I tried to measure the distance between the yards and the church monuments. It seemed that there was room to spare.

"An enemy plane at middle-low altitude at 11 o'clock," said the bombardier, and both he and the navigator bobbed nervously from one side of the nose to the other. The fighters were coming in. Douglas turned his gun swiftly and a thin trickle of smoke drifted from the breech. The nose of the plane shivered under the shock of firing, and a cascade of empty shells tumbled onto the floor. His two hands, grasping the gun grips, vibrated under the impact of the recoil. To the right side, a white dot streaked across our vision, passing at terrific speed in a direction opposite from ours. It was an enemy fighter, and Douglas followed the swift motion with continuous fire. We saw the bright streaks of the tracer bullets arching toward the enemy. But he was gone and far away in a few seconds, apparently unharmed.

Another had passed on our left, and Jones was firing at him. The nose of

the ship was filled with smoke and the acrid smell of powder. Empty shells clattered on the floor, and I pushed them aside so I could sit in relative comfort.

There must have been another enemy plane on the left side at that moment, because Jones continued to fire, and the shells cascaded onto the floor.

We were turning now, the whole formation swinging wide to avoid further antiaircraft fire. We had done our job and the only remaining task was to return to our base. There was the usual feeling of relief, even though the danger was not over.

We passed the Italian coast, were over the Mediterranean, safely on our way to our North African base. In the pilots' compartment, I asked Lieutenant Horowitz, the young co-pilot who was making his first flight over enemy territory, how he liked it. He said, "It's fun. If they're all like this, it'll be all right."

I was curious to get Captain Elliott's reaction. I knew that he was a Catholic. He did not seem perturbed as he looked back at me and said calmly, "It's all right."

It was one of the archapostles of progress, Benjamin Franklin, who made the pertinent and just reflection on reading the history of previous centuries: "If men are so wicked with religion, what will they be like without it?" We are finding out.

From the *London Tablet* (6 Jan. '45).



# In a Spanish Kitchen

By MAURA LAVERTY

Cookbook, guidebook

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**It is Juanita** I have to remember with gratitude, for it was she who let me into the gorgeous secrets of Spanish cooking, when I was governess and she the cook. Men had no place at all in Juanita's life. She hated men. It was an effort on her to prepare the special dishes that the *señora* sometimes ordered for her husband alone. Poor Juanita's husband had strayed away from her to a widow who kept a lodging house, and she took his desertion out on all his sex. She came from a village outside Madrid and she looked exactly what the unmotherly arid soil of Castile would produce, a stunted hardy olive tree of a woman. You would say that she could thrive for months in the blazing sun without food or drink and not be the worse of it. Unlike most professional cooks, she was not stingy with her knowledge. As she stirred and mixed and blended and beat, she would give a patient answer to all my questionings. Sometimes she even lent me an apron and let me take a hand under her watchful guidance.

The *señora* discovered me at this one night. She ordered me upstairs and gave me a lecture which showed that she had the same exalted idea of the social standing of governesses as my poor mother had of what was due to the Scully family.

*Señora* Basterra might have saved

her breath. I could no more have kept out of that kitchen than cattle that have tasted growing corn can be kept out of the cornfield. Anyway, what else was there for me to do? I was not wanted at the salon fire, and I would have gone daft up in my room with no one to talk to. I could have read, of course, but I preferred to do my reading after I went to bed; often I read until two in the morning. I had to have friendly company, and the kitchen was the only place where I could get it. Even if the maids had not welcomed me, I would still have been drawn to the kitchen. I love kitchens.

The preparation of food has always been to me what literature or music or painting is to others. It is such a kindly, friendly, unselfish art, the art of cooking, and every little step in the preparation of even the plainest dish means an opportunity for self-expression. That sprinkling of chopped parsley beaten into the mashed potatoes is so much more than the final touch demanded by the cookbooks. It is the satisfaction of your natural craving for all lovely green-and-white things, things like the tips of grass spears piercing the snow on a morning in spring. It is the expression of your wish to share these things with the persons you are feeding. Glaze the top of an apple tart and you are not merely adding sweetness

\*No More Than Human. 1944. Longmans, Green & Co., New York City, 3: 249 pp. \$2.10.

and a deeper color to the crust. You are voicing your love for all that is burnished and golden and gladdening in nature and in people and in art. Cooking is indeed the poetry of housework.

It is satisfying in 20 other different ways as well. There is a grand warm companionable feeling to be got out of the thought that every time you baste a roast or beat an egg or do any other little ordinary kitchen job, you are making yourself one with the Grand Order of Homemakers, past, present, and to come. And it does your nerves a world of good. Peel a basket of apples and watch the soothed feeling that comes over you as the knife slides smoothly between skin and juicy flesh—round and round, round and round, till each peel drops in a long unbroken curl. Or rub butter into flour for scones: there is something that I would recommend to neurotic persons as a better tonic than anything their doctors could give them. The purity of the flour, the cool velvety feel of it, the gentle, incessant calm-giving motion of the fingertips—no tangle nor turmoil could hold out against such homely comforting.

Juanita's cooking was wonderful. Those Spanish dishes! The rich soups and melting omelettes and hot savory casseroles of saffron-colored rice and tomato-smothered macaroni; the 50 different kinds of milky fish with 50 different sauces for serving with them; the baked and the roast and the braised fowls, the turkeys stuffed with dried peaches and the chickens simmered to

butter-tenderness in a delicate mushroom sauce laced with wine; the meats in haunting dark sauce and stewed in oil and roasted on the spit and grilled on the clean red-hot top of the stove; the desserts of orange-scented creams and smooth-fleshed custards, the light, fruity pastries and the little eggy *yemas* that were so delicate and airy that like all the keenest joys of life, they vanished as you tasted them. Every recipe in Juanita's repertoire was, as the Spaniards themselves say, "finger-licking," *para chuparse los dedos*. The epicures insist that French food is the best in the world. They may have it all if they give me the Spanish food, spicy and fragrant and exciting and warm like the Spanish people themselves.

There was not a town nor region in Spain that had not made its contribution to the national treasury of cooking—*paella de Valencia*, *bacalao à la Vizcaina*, *queso de Burgos*, *salchicha de Pamplona*, *plátanos à la Granada*—the names of the Spanish dishes were a guidebook in themselves. It was through them I learned my geography of Spain, which may explain why my conception of the country was and is a bit lopsided. Those little, soft, creamy cheeses that came from Burgos and which you spread on biscuits and topped with a dap of runny cherry jam came between me and the wonderful cathedral for which the rest of the world esteems the city. Vizcaya's dried codfish cooked in a delicious tomato sauce seemed to me as important as any fishing fleet or historical Basque

customs that the North had to offer. Granada's Alhambra was only trotting after the banana dish to which the Moorish city gave its name. That was a dream of a dessert. Juanita would split the bananas, hollow them out and stuff them with crushed pine-kernel candy. Then she would put the halves expertly together, roll them in egg and bread crumbs and fry them in boiling oil. Icing sugar was sprinkled on them as a last touch and they were eaten hot with a sauce made from gooseberry conserve.

It was the same way with every other dish. Valencia might be the garden of Spain to tourists, but to me it was the cradle of *paella*. How am I going to tell what that *paella* tasted like? Imagine you have a fine plump chicken. Poach that chicken and strip the white succulent flesh from it and chop it small. Now cook handfuls and handfuls of rice in good meaty stock, with the chicken bones thrown in for extra savor. Season the stock with every appetite-arousing condiment you fancy and don't on any account leave out a bead or two of garlic. Drain your rice now and toss it in a little hot oil or melted butter. Mix in the chopped chicken and saffron, and shellfish of every description. Press the steaming savory mixture into a bowl to give it shape. Now unmould it and decorate it with strips of red and green peppers that have broiled to tenderness on top of the stove. And now eat your *paella*. Have the orange groves of Valencia ever given such delight as that? You could coax a man back from the mouth

of the grave with the smell and taste and look of a dish of *paella*.

It was not only after towns and cities that those dishes were named. The saints and the clergy played a big part in their christening, too. There was a special dish for the feast day of every saint in the calendar. Custards of San Roque, cookies of Santa Clara, buns of San Antonio: when Juanita read from her recipe book it sounded as if the blessed in heaven were having their annual Christmas treat. The saints were not in it with the priests and the hierarchy. The most sumptuous party dishes were always *à la Cardenal*, or *à la Obispo*, and the richest soups and the finest desserts seemed to be all *à la Jesuita* or *à la Dominicana* or *à la* some Order or another. It struck me that the Cardinal and those priests must have been well-fed men if such gorgeous things had originated in their kitchens. But maybe the Cardinal and the priests had never tasted the dishes at all. Maybe they had been dedicated to them by some poor sinner of a cook out of gratitude for spiritual help received.

There was a magnificent sauce which Juanita used to make now and again for serving with fish. *Salsa Padre Guzmán* it was called. If Father Guzmán really invented that sauce, he deserved to be canonized. A rich mayonnaise with a little finely chopped parsley in it and plenty of lobster coral. It was grand to watch it being made. Between her knees, Juanita propped the bowl of darkish, watery-looking egg yolks. Her left hand controlled the steady

lazy trickle from the oil bottle while her right hand stirred the eggs into a frothy whirlpool that soon quieted down into a thick primrosy cream. Lemon juice next, and then the coral, which spread its pink over the sauce like a blush over a dusky cheek. When the sauce was finished, she always cut off a corner of *pan de cocina* and scoop-

ed up a taste of the sauce for me. It was lovely with this fresh crusty kitchen bread which was bought for the maids. The family ate Vienna bread. I thought the other nicer. Heavier, maybe, but when those big flat crusty loaves that looked like griddle cakes were eaten fresh there was nothing to beat them.

## One Man's Family

By SHIRLEY JEAN MEYERS

Condensed from the *Alamo Register*\*

A right guy and his punks

When a tall, slim, mild-mannered Texan stepped up to the microphone Sunday evening, Feb. 4, in the New York studios of the Columbia Broadcasting system, a thrilling episode in a one-man war against juvenile delinquency was completed. He was William F. Brogan, chief inspector in the San Antonio sheriff's office. With him were two of his "boys," whom he had befriended and placed in positions of trust in his new organization, the Junior Deputies of America. The former newspaper reporter and his novel organization had already received recognition in a national magazine.

Bill Brogan's singlehanded battle against juvenile delinquency has been spectacular. In all parts of San Antonio, gangs, formerly devoted to petty thiev-

ery and harassing police officers, are now signed up in Brogan's Corps of Junior Deputies and are helping the Chief stamp out juvenile misconduct in their respective neighborhoods. Enrollment has topped 1,000 and is still growing, civic organizations are offering help, and plans have been formulated for a national incorporation.

But the going was not always smooth. There were those hectic nights in June, 1944, when Sheriff Owen Kilday and his chief inspector worked long hours overtime trying to cope with juvenile delinquency which had mounted 50% in the year.

"A big rock fight between three gangs of teen-age boys was the immediate cause of our organization," Brogan said. "It was after midnight, and

\*230 Dwyer Ave., San Antonio, Texas. Feb. 9, 1945.

we had rounded up the leaders. The sheriff turned them over to me and right here in my office it all started." While the gang leaders suspiciously eyed Brogan, he explained to them that "there are not enough peace officers to keep up with all this trouble, and Hitler and Tojo are the only ones who are benefiting."

Every one of these boys is patriotic, and appeal to their American spirit was not in vain. Brogan then told the group that a new and better gang was going to be organized and that he was going to be in it.

"You have done some damage out there; well, we will all pitch in and pay for it and then get down to some real business," Brogan fired at the nucleus of Junior Deputies before him, who answered, "O. K. Chief, you're a right guy; we're with you!"

Thus were born the Junior Deputies of San Antonio; an organization which aimed at getting youth to work with the law instead of against it; to have the children run to a policeman and not from him; and ultimately, to stamp out juvenile delinquency in and around San Antonio. Badges and enrollment cards to "bolster morale" and other club funds came out of Brogan's pocketbook. But that was not supposed to make print.

On D-day in June, 1944, the first handful of "punks" (Brogan's favorite term for his boys) gathered in a courthouse room to hold their initial meeting, at which a chief, assistant chief, captains, and sergeants were elected. "We opened with the Lord's Prayer,

and I've never heard it said more reverently."

By this time word had spread that Brogan was a "good Joe" and every day new little punks were coming in to sign the card, which reads in part: "I promise to love my God and my country, to lead a clean and honest life, to aid all peace officers in the discharge of their official duties."

Brogan's friends from the FBI visited the courthouse and ran off a crime-does-not-pay movie and talked to the Junior Deputies; Chief of Police Aubrey Hopkins and Capt. E. B. Had-dox were on hand too, and the deputies learned how to take and file fingerprints and other routine police duties. While the boys were learning the inner workings of law enforcement, "Chief" Brogan was receiving letters of encouragement from Riley Wyatt, president of the Texas State Penitentiary board, and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover.

The Junior Deputy force was only 200 strong when reports began flowing in of gang after gang joining up with the law-enforcement outfit. Sheriff Kilday pushed his hat back on his head; "Bill, I think we've really got something here." City officials in Austin thought so, too, and the city manager and chief of police decided to initiate the Austin branch of Junior Deputies. Brogan dispatched a Junior Deputy of captain's rank to help them organize.

In his spare time (if you can call any of his time by that name) Brogan, a St. Gerard's parishioner, talks before civic organizations, the Holy Name



society, and the Knights of Columbus, of which he is a member, to plead the cause of his punks.

"The kids are not entirely to blame for this delinquency problem. A lot of it is the fault of the average person's indifference, smugness, and laziness. We are not going to get the kids into Sunday school and classroom until we get them rehabilitated. A child has to have a feeling of self-respect, and worn, cast-off clothes and an empty stomach won't do it.

"It takes \$1,000 a year to keep a kid in the detention home in Gatesville; we could rehabilitate several hundred right here at home for that."

But while he is straightening them

out with their physical and legal problems Brogan does not lose sight of their spiritual needs. And many a time he will show a Catholic boy the way to the confessional in San Fernando cathedral while he stops in to make a visit and to pray for his boys.

"They're a swell bunch, these little punks," the Junior Deputy organizer declares. "And someday we are going to have club headquarters in every neighborhood, complete with pool table, and wrestling and boxing equipment." And 62-year-old Bill Brogan, who is as tough a law officer and newspaperman as you would find anywhere, carries on his fight to "save the kid—and save America."

### Misfortune Told

During a hectic rush hour at the local Greyhound bus station recently a large woman mounted the weighing machine, then suddenly raised a loud cry, "My fortune! I didn't get my fortune!"

So persistent was she in her demands for her "fortune" that the girl, busy selling tickets, finally had to leave her desk, walk over to her and explain she should have waited until she stepped onto the scales before she dropped her penny.

All this, however, seemed of scant consolation to the large lady who continued to lament that it really wasn't her weight she had wanted, but her "fortune."

Finally, torn between a desire to help and the sheer necessity of getting back to her counter, the ticket girl said, "Lady, I know all the answers on those fortune cards; maybe I could help you if you'd just tell me what question it was you wanted answered."

"Oh, no, you don't!" snapped the woman instantly wary, "I know what you'd say—you'd just say I was going on a long journey or something like that."

"No," wearily replied the girl, "I'm afraid I couldn't say that; your bus pulled out while you've been standing here arguing."

John P. Mulgrew in *Our Sunday Visitor* (11 Feb. '45).

# God Is

Condensed from the *Salvatorian*\*

A friend works the lathe next to yours at the factory. Your families go on picnics together. Yes, Paul's your friend. When your wife was sick, it was Paul who, unsolicited, slipped \$50 into your hand so you could make ends meet. And that meant sacrifice for Paul and his family. You think Paul would give his life for you. And perhaps he would.

But he's not a Catholic. Not even a Christian. Honest, charitable, generous, he acts as if there is a God, but he's just told you he doesn't believe God exists. He can't understand why you're a Catholic and he wants to know why.

Paul may give his life for you, but you, a Catholic, can give Paul something better. If you can convince him of the truth of the Catholic Church, you can show him how to attain everlasting happiness. He denies God's existence. All right. We'll prove to him that God does exist.

First of all, you can't see God any more than you can see the wind. You know the wind is there, though, because you can see what it's doing, making the trees sway. You can see its effects. You know it exists because you see it as a cause. And in the same way you can prove God exists: because of what He has caused and is causing.

Take for an example that ball game at the union picnic. What caused Paul's badly needed home run? The force be-

hind the bat. And what caused the force behind the bat? Paul, of course.

But we don't have to go on with this. You and Paul both know that no matter what happens, it has a cause. That's the principle of causality upon which our present argument is based. Whatever is, whatever begins to exist, must have a cause outside itself.

Outside itself? Yes, for nothing can be the cause of its own existence. Take that piece of cake you ate for lunch. Could it make itself? Could anything make itself? Could a thing that doesn't exist be the cause of its own existence or the existence of anything else? Could nothing be the cause of something?

So here we are! Whatever begins to exist must have a cause outside itself. Now to get down to our real argument.

Take anything you wish, something new, something old, anything. That "shiner" the boy wore home from school last night would do, or that outrageous new hat the eldest daughter's sporting. Or how about that young oak out there in the front yard?

Yes, I know it came from McBride's Nursery, but neither McBride nor either of his gardeners made it. It grew from an acorn. And where did the acorn come from? From a mature oak tree. And so down the line, back through the centuries, back into ancient history. Until finally you come to

Alpha and Omega

\* Divine Savior Seminary, Lanham, Md. February, 1945.

the first oak tree. But this first oak could have come from the seed of another tree which, in certain conditions of climate and soil, grew, or as they say, evolved, into what we know as the oak tree today. Then this seed together with the environment would be the cause.

But where did this seed and the tree that bore it come from? They too had to be caused. So backwards again. But hold on; this can't go on forever, either.

To get at the root, let's see where not only this first tree but the whole universe came from. Some scientists say the whole thing developed from a gaseous mass, or ball of fire, or any number of other things. Which of these theories is correct or incorrect, even if they all are wrong, makes no difference to us. Say the universe did unfold out of a ball of fire. You've a lot of heat on your hands, but you still haven't traced to its very first beginnings the ancestry of that oak tree in your front yard, because that ball of fire is a thing too; it had to be caused. Ultimately, we have to come to some cause that was not caused, some cause that is really the first cause.

Your oak tree, everything we see in the world, all depend on something else, and these in turn on something else, and so on. But they all cry out for something independent, just as "son" calls for "father." Thus our minds are forced back in their search to an independent, uncaused first cause of all things. This self-existent Being we call God. We might call Him Allah as the

Mohammedans do, or Jehovah as the Jews do. But the English word for this uncaused Cause is *God*.

Let Paul think that over for a while. Go through it all again. It's foolproof. You should be as sure of it as you are that nine times eight is 72. It proves God's existence beyond any doubt.

But how about another proof? It's well to have a couple on hand so that if the first one doesn't convince, the second will. Let's take the proof called the argument from order and finality.

*Order.* You use or hear the word daily. It means having everything in its proper place, everything where it should be. Your workbench down in the basement is in order when the hammers and saws are hung up, the bits in the drawer, the nails not scattered but all in the right boxes. Everything where it should be, in its proper place.

*Finality* may be a word you don't use, but you often do use words similar to it. It has a close connection with order and always accompanies it. Wherever you have order you also have finality. You strive for order, that you may also have finality. In other words, you keep things in order so you can accomplish those objectives for which the things you keep in order are made for.

Now who or what is responsible for order and the finality flowing from it? Take that workbench again. Say Tommy and Joe have done one fine job of messing it up. Who's going to put it in order? Are the hammers going to jump up into their places? Is the saw

going to fly back to its peg? Let them lie untouched and they'll be there till kingdom come.

How about chance doing it? Say a heavy wind comes up and blows through an open window. Or maybe there's an earthquake. Would you come to the basement when things have calmed down and even hope to find everything in its proper place? All right, I won't be silly.

But how about old Spot? He hangs around in the basement quite a bit. No, that's silly, too. Somebody with intelligence. You, your wife, one of the boys or girls. Somebody who can think, who knows the proper place for this or that, who can arrange things.

Remember that evening you were down on the wharf and you saw that river boat ease snugly into position between two other boats already docked. You couldn't see anyone aboard. But you never thought for a moment that the boat was bringing itself in. Nor chance either. You knew that an old river captain, an intelligent being, was steering that boat into place.

Now take a look at the universe. You're not an astronomer; neither am I. But we both know there are millions of heavenly bodies all moving in their orbits with enormous speed and in perfect harmony. Countless worlds, all bigger than this earth we live on, rotate and gyrate through space with perfect precision. So uniform, so regular is their movement that scientists can calculate just where the bodies that they know will be 100 years from now. How can these huge planets hurtle

thus through space and avoid collision?

Yes, there are laws. The law of gravity. Yes, that's right. And what's behind a law? Right again, a lawgiver, with intelligence.

But let's come out of the clouds. Bees work by instinct so perfectly that they build a hive so architecturally correct that they even put a mathematician to shame. Yes, instinct. But whence did the bees derive this marvelous faculty?

Turn your mind upon yourself. You have eyes. You can see. The material world lies open before you. For the act of vision 13 conditions must be present at the same time in the organic structure. Each of the 13 conditions presupposes many other conditions. Science has proved that according to the law of probabilities, without any designing cause, there are 9,999,985 chances against 15 for the possibility of these 13 conditions meeting so as to make seeing possible even for a moment. Yet the thing happens continuously every day. You are always seeing. Must there not be an intelligence behind all this?

Or take a look at your body as a whole. Ninety-eight cents! Considering its chemical make-up, that's all it's worth. Enough fat for two pieces of soap. Enough phosphorous for a box of matches, 5c size. Enough magnesium for a photographic flashlight. The chemist has plenty of these elements in his laboratory, but could he ever construct a being which could produce even the most elementary action of the body? No. No more than he could put together carbon, nitrogen,

hydrogen, oxygen, iron, which make up a blade of grass.

So all right. There is order in the world, there is finality. And order and finality cannot come from chance. They cannot come from lifeless things, or from plants and animals. We see order and finality in these things, but we know that only beings with intelligence can be responsible for them.

And it's common sense that the more marvelous the order, the higher

the finality, the more superior the intelligence that arranged the means suitably for achieving results. This old world has been kicking around for quite some time, and through all its existence has shown a wonderful order and finality in its every phase. Therefore, we have to admit that a superior intelligence has decreed all this.

So there we are again—back to God. From an oak tree to God, from universal order and finality to God.



### The Place for Music

So you don't like "liturgical" music! You like symphony better. Shh-h-h-h. So do I—but not in church!

And I like a symphony better than a band; but not in a parade. And I like popular music, but not at a concert; and hillbilly music, but not at a funeral. In fact, I like all music, but not when I have a headache.

Every kind of music has its time and place. To understand Church music, you must first understand that. And once we realize the function of music in the plan of divine worship, it is easy to see why the Pope has so painstakingly defined the type to be used.

Music at Mass is not the best merely because it makes your heart beat faster, causes your stomach to feel like you are going down in an elevator, or brings tears to your eyes. If it does you have probably forgotten about the Mass. The music is detracting from Christ.

We go to Mass for one purpose: to worship God. The music is proper only if it contributes to that worship, only if it loses its own individuality and becomes a related part of our prayer.

Music forbidden at Mass does not fulfill this humble, yet wonderful role. It parades the technical ego of its composer, it twists the Mass text to fit the composition, or it degenerates into a sentimentality that, however fitting elsewhere, is maudlin at Mass. In other words, it does not confine itself to the simple dignity of assisting in the worship of God.

Robert Peters in the *Peoria Register* (25 Feb. '45).



# Irish Man

By SEAMUS BRADY

Condensed from the *Standard*\*

**You** would not look twice at him if you passed him on a country road or along the main street of a market town on fair day. For there is nothing striking about him.

He is in the early 70's—though he looks a decade fresher than that—and his small-made wiry body is beginning to warp with arthritis in the same way that his horned and calloused fingers had already done many years ago. He wears a straggly moustache, and his face is deep-tanned and furrowed and sunken, with the eyes bright and calm, so that he reminds you in a way of Marshal Petain or President Hyde.

His name is James. And this is his story:

The Fenians had been dispersed to the four winds and Parnell was coming to the fore when he was born. His birthplace was a cabin on a lean hillside that looks down on the grey waters of Donegal's Mulroy bay. He was the ninth child, and his mother died in giving life to him.

He went to school where he learned English, which was hard for him who knew nothing but Irish. When he was ten and in the third book, he left the little whitewashed school building for the last time. His brothers, all five of them that could go, were off to America, and there was work for him at home.

He grew up quietly. There were many things happening in the world outside—Parnell, the *Times* forgeries, the wars, revolutions, the coming of the motor car. He but read of those happenings in the occasional newspapers that came into his hands, for he lived in a remote backwater where nothing occurred outside the natural things like birth and work and marriage and death, in the ordained cycle.

Daily he toiled in the fields, the tasks rotating as the seasons slipped away. His body filled out, his sinews tautened with the vigor of manhood. The hard, clean clay lodged permanently under his nails, marking him for life as a worker of the land.

And withal, he was a simple young man. Sometimes the lure of the city, the wonder of America, painted in odd snatches of his brothers' letters home, moved strange longings in him, but he never fell under the spell of the wanderlust. For him, an evening's *ceilidhing*, a "big night," when there was singing and dancing to the lilt of a fiddle or the wheeze of an accordion, was fun enough. And, when he was 21 and met Mary McGrenaghan, there were no longer, for him, any bewitching longhorned cows across the seas.

Two years later he "took" five acres of rock-pitted, inhospitable land that sprawled across a ridge down on the

\*Standard House, Pearse St., Dublin, C. 5, Ireland. Jan. 12, 1945.

bleak coast below his home. Behind the ridge, in a pocket sheltered from the wind, he began to build a house. Through the long summer evenings and into autumn, he worked with only a boy, his brother-in-law to be, to help him.

Part of the land had been broken, and now lay under grass and weeds. He ploughed it over the winter and then planted corn and potatoes the following spring. The house was finished then, too. It was small, three rooms, but sturdy, with its thick, stone walls and snug thatch. And he put up a byre for the cow Mary would bring with her, and a stable for the young horse he meant to buy from his uncle. He dug a well, too.

They were married in summertime. She was a tall girl, inches above him, and dark and clear-skinned, with grey, cool eyes and strong industrious fingers. For their honeymoon, they walked six miles to get seats on the mailcar to Letterkenny, the county capital. There they tramped for hours the long tiresome Main St., looked with rapture at novelties in shop windows, and ate an uncomfortable meal in a noisy eating house, where they sensed the other diners nudging each other and grinning secretively at them in their obvious newlywed embarrassment. And they were glad when it was evening and they could go back again by the mailcar and walk together in the moonlight down the lonely road to their new home.

That winter, he reclaimed a full acre of the waste bogland on his holding,

and, with the stones he dug from it, he built a proper poultry house, laid a *boreen* to the roadway from the cottage, and cleaned and strengthened the ditches about his land.

He was busy, too, in the long nights, making furniture, like crude, sturdy chairs and a serviceable table, and turning his ingenuity as a craftsman of all rural trades to everything that could add to home comfort. Thus, the mugs that his grandchildren drink from to this day were fashioned from old syrup tins, with handles beaten from the waste lids and fastened with rivets and soldered securely.

In that cottage, they reared 13 children; all of whom survive. With the betterment of the family's fortunes over the years, he bought his farm, took in an adjoining four acres, enlarged the house, added to his stock, acquired a threshing mill of his own, planted trees for a shelter belt, sent four of his children to secondary school, and established himself and his kin as respected, well-thought-of members of the parish community.

All this was done with various assistance. Three of his daughters went to America and sent home their monthly savings; there were welcome grants from the government that now was Irish. But mostly it was achieved by the spirit of diligence and frugality and the patient industry of the man, practiced through the years.

He walks his fields today, puffing his clay pipe, watching two of his sons till the land that is theirs. Another of his sons is well on the way to being a

priest. One of his daughters is in a convent.

As I have said, you wouldn't look twice at him if you passed him on a country road. But you should, for he

is Ireland: the Ireland the wise ones wish and plan for us to have, a land of honest toil and its reward, springing from deep faith and patient trust in God.



## Twenty-year Wait

A Bolivian flat-bottomed boat took us to a Brazilian settlement, Baturité, on the Bolivian side of the River Acre. Guests had gathered for a wedding. It was a gala affair, which in jungles means a day and night of fiesta.

"If you would not mind leaving the feast for a while, I should like to see some of the jungle," I told Carlos, an Indian who spoke Spanish.

We had walked deep into the woods, when Carlos said, "We will go back by another trail, and you shall see where the jungle has guarded for many years the memory of a white man."

At length we reached a clearing, with a small but strongly built house. Diminutive, well-kept plantations surrounded it; and livestock were everywhere.

"Jose! Rosa!" Carlos called. "Come quickly. A padre is here."

An Indian with a wise, kind face, followed by a stocky woman, answered. Behind them came Indian chil-

dren of confusing ages and number. Before I could tell how it came about, I was in the best room of the house.

"The padre must have coffee," the mother said.

I did not answer, for before my eyes was the jungle's secret. A small altar, adorned, immaculate, awaiting the Great Sacrifice.

"Twenty years ago a padre said Mass here," the father explained. "We have always kept the altar ready for the next one. The padre will say Mass tomorrow morning?" he concluded anxiously.

I nodded, my heart full.

Carlos beamed in triumph. "You see, padre, I was right!" he exulted. "The jungle keeps the memory of the white man who brings Christ to its children."

"All through the country there are other altars waiting. Tell the priests in your country, padre, that the jungle and the Indians have waited many years for them."

A Maryknoll missionary in *Maryknoll, the Field Afar* quoted in the *Register* (27 Aug. '44).

# Peace Through Democracy

By THOMAS P. NEILL

The Pope to the people

Condensed from the *Commonweal*\*

**No Pope** has ever condemned democracy as a form of government, though certain "democratic theories," notably Rousseau's, have frequently been condemned. Leo XIII, as a matter of fact, stated specifically: "It is not of itself wrong to prefer a democratic form of government, if only the Catholic doctrine be maintained as to the origin and exercise of power." The same Pope had on several occasions spoken favorably of democracy in this country, and he had formally stated the Catholic teaching that form of government, of itself, is a matter of indifference as long as the government performs its functions properly and does no one injustice through its organization.

The Christmas message of Pope Pius XII restates traditional Catholic teaching on democracy in words that constitute a notable document. He introduces his discussion of the problem by stating again that "the Church looks not so much to its external structure and organization, which depend on the special aspirations of each people, as to the individual himself, who, so far from being the object and as it were a merely passive element in the social order, is in fact, and must be and continue to be its subject, its foundation, and its end."

The exalted dignity of man remains

the focal point of political thought with Pius XII, as it has always been in Catholic tradition. State and government exist not for their own sake, but to further man's spiritual and material welfare. No government, democratic or not, can rightfully violate man's dignity or deprive him of the right to be a human person. From this fundamental right to live as a human being flow all rights we call *inalienable*.

This cardinal point of man's dignity, of his welfare being the purpose for which society and government exist, is in danger of being obscured, even in this country, as it certainly is in Germany or in Russia. For this reason Pius XII has turned to it again and again. In his 1942 Christmas message he listed a new bill of rights for man in this industrial world, and showed how these rights were violated by both *laissez-faire* and totalitarian philosophies of government. But this is not a new point; it was stressed many times by Leo XIII and by Pius XI. It is as old as Catholic social philosophy.

In relation to the rights and dignity of the human person, democracy can be of two kinds: it can be based on them and protect them, or it can deny and violate them; it can be government truly "of, for and by the people," or it can herd them like sheep and do their thinking for them. The Pope therefore

\*186 4th Ave., New York City, 16, Feb. 16, 1945.

analyzes and contrasts the sound democracy of which he approves and the perverted democracy which he condemns as forthrightly as have former Popes.

Since democracy means that the people ultimately decide questions of policy and choose officials to make them effective, the Pope states that the fundamental right of a citizen in a democracy is the right "to express his own views of the duties and sacrifices that are imposed on him, not [to be] compelled to obey without being heard." The citizen must be "in the position to hold his own personal opinion, to express it and to make it prevail in a fashion conducive to the common good." This right to the forming and expressing of an opinion, and having it reckoned when decisions are made, naturally implies such guarantees as freedom of conscience, of speech and press, of association and petition, of access to all information necessary to form an intelligent opinion.

Associated with these rights essential for a citizen in a democracy, is the duty to use them properly. The citizen has the right to form his opinion freely, but he is morally responsible for his choice. Unless people are conscious of this responsibility and act accordingly, the Pope warns, there can be no sound democracy. "In a people worthy of the name the citizen feels within him the consciousness of his personality, of his duties and rights, of his freedom joined to respect for the freedom and dignity of others."

In a sound democratic society there

is human liberty and human equality. But human liberty is not license, and equality means the essential equality of human beings before the law and before God. It does not imply sameness of talent, of position or of possessions. To preserve human dignity, liberty, and equality, authority is necessary. Because men are not angels, government is needed to direct and protect them from each other. This government has an authority directly from the people, but its ultimate source is in God, who ordained that man live in society. Since authority resides ultimately in God, it is limited by His natural and divine-positive law. Democratic government, therefore, has no more right than any other kind to tyrannize over the individual and deny his God-given (in distinction to state-given) rights. But it has the right to respectful obedience from citizens as long as it stays within the limits of proper authority.

In a noteworthy paragraph, Pius XII describes the characteristics that should be possessed by members of the legislature, "the center of gravity of a democracy." They should be "a select group of men, spiritually eminent and of strong character, not restricted to any profession or social standing, with a sense of the practical and equitable, true to themselves in all circumstances, men of clear and sound principles, with sound and clear-cut proposals to make."

In a true democracy, the people are alive intellectually and morally, are truly free and independent, and rule



themselves through a government they remain free to guide and criticize. In contrast to this is "state despotism," which disguises itself in democratic trappings. This is a dictatorial rule, masked by plebiscites and "popular" demonstrations, where people are treated like sheep rather than morally mature men. This is the "democracy" which claims unlimited power and infallible authority, from which the human person has no appeal. Such "democracy" denies men human liberty while speciously telling them they are free; offers them equality by reducing them to ciphers: the "democracy" where people are a passive mob manipulated by a dictator or clique for the ruler's selfish interest. Such "democracy" violates man's dignity, denies God as the source of authority, and worships itself as divine. Such "democracy," advocated by Rousseau yesterday and Hitler today, has always been condemned by papal teaching, and is condemned in Pius XII's sixth Christmas message.

After analyzing democracy, the Pope turns to international affairs. Again he proposes nothing revolutionary, for he again calls mankind to: 1. recognize the unity of world society and provide effective international organization; 2. make "war on war" and outlaw it for all time; 3. provide just peace terms when war is done so that all states can hope to live as equals in the "family of nations" again. But here again is a new overtone. To the people he now speaks, not to their governments. He talks of democracy in international

government, of peoples forcing their representatives to erect machinery to maintain peace, of "sane democracy able to pervade the vast and thorny ground of foreign relations."

As in the past, therefore, the Pope calls for "formation of an organ for maintenance of peace, an organ invested by common consent with supreme power, to whose office it would also pertain to smother in its germinal state any threat of isolated or collective aggression." He says nothing of the machinery; that is a matter for political experts. But he does insist we should learn from failures, obviously the League of Nations, and that we should give this international body all power necessary to perform its function of preventing war and punishing recalcitrant nations.

He also lays down principles to guide treatment of aggressor nations. Punishment for aggression is just, and "security measures until the bonds of mutual trust, violently broken, should be gradually welded together again" are permissible. But punishments and security measures must be so devised that all nations can look to the day when they can again associate with the victorious nations on a plane of equality. Punishment of "war criminals," the Pope says, is also within the bounds of justice. "But if justice presumed to judge and punish not merely individuals but even whole communities together, who could not see in such a procedure a violation of the norms which guide every human trial?"

Pope Pius XII's sixth Christmas

message will always be important for:

1. Restating and developing papal political philosophy, particularly on democracy as a sound form of government, but a form liable to perversion if the people are a passive mob instead of intellectually alert and morally responsible. This is an explicit condemnation of dictatorship and an equally explicit approval of true democracy.

2. Frankly recognizing that the future belongs to democracy, that the future depends largely on how "the problem of democracy" is solved. Till now democracy has been tried in only a few countries; for the first time it has become universally possible. Because the people are becoming literate and critical, "awakened, as it were, from a long torpor," sound democracy is possible. The Pope can, therefore, tell us that "the democratic form of government appears to many as a postulate of nature imposed by reason itself," a statement that could until now have been applied to only a few countries; but compulsory education and such things as the radio make it possible for a morally responsible people, the prerequisite of democracy, to exist almost everywhere.

3. Directly appealing to the people to force their governments to erect international institutions to prevent war and to bring lasting peace by justly and prudently dealing with defeated powers. It is significant that the Pope in

1944 goes over the heads of the governments, to the people. It is highly significant that he sees in them the hope for tomorrow.

4. Offering hope to people in a day when disillusionment has set in everywhere. "Blessed be the Lord!" he cries. "Out from the mournful groans of sorrow, from the very depths of the heart-rending anguish of oppressed individuals and countries there arises an aura of hope." He sees the real possibility "for a new era of far-reaching renovation, the complete reorganization of the world."

5. Finally, as a sort of postscript, putting himself on record to express his "heartfelt gratitude" to various nations for the aid they have rendered; significant and important in a public message from the Vatican, this country is singled out for special mention. Myron Taylor, moreover, is given particular mention, an unusual thing in such an address. Praise and gratitude are extended to "the head of the state, the government and people of Spain"; the government of Ireland is thanked next; and then in alphabetical order Argentina, Australia, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Italy, Lithuania, Peru, Poland, Rumania, Slovakia, Hungary, and Uruguay. The omissions will be as significant as the order of mention for scholars of diplomacy when they study the relations between the Vatican and the states of the world in these days of war and approaching peace.

Memo for insomniacs: you cannot fall asleep while angry.

# Was It a Miracle?

By CLETUS LUNNY as told to A. W. O'BRIEN

He was looking for St. Peter

Condensed from *Mother of Perpetual Help*\*

Twenty-six-year-old warrant officer Cletus Lunny, R.C.A.F., is a little hazy on the rather involved definition of a miracle he learned 18 years ago at St. Augustine's school in Montreal, but even a Doctor of Theology would have difficulty arguing against his quietly sincere statement, "I believe I was saved by a miracle."

Certainly, to a war correspondent like myself, with a wartime's experience in interviewing survivors of fantastic service dramas for the Montreal *Standard*, it seems impossible to conclude that Lunny is alive today for any reason other than "an immediate and extraordinary intervention of divine providence."

This story, now contained in R. C. A. F. Intelligence records, is here told in print for the first time with only minor details deleted for security reasons:

I was navigator of a bomber over Germany late in August, 1943. It was close on one o'clock in the morning when we were caught squarely in the fire of a Nazi night fighter. It all happened with murderous suddenness: one second we were roaring serenely along in the bomber stream and I was busy poring over charts and instruments; the next second death-laden bullets were ripping plane and crew

to pieces. They tore and screamed from stem to stern; I could feel them biting and searing me. I knew I was hit and hit bad, yet, through sheer force of long training, my mind stayed clear and shrieked to me to escape.

A hurried glance at the cockpit told me the sickening news that both pilot and co-pilot were dead. A glance to the rear showed two other corpses that had been my friends and fellow crewmen on 20 previous bombing trips. As I stared at them there was a slight movement in the mid-upper turret and the body of the gunner slid slowly off the seat to tumble beside me. Mercifully, death had come fast to him, too.

My parachute! Frantically, I realized that, although I was wearing the harness, I had tossed the actual parachute bag out of the way at the back of the plane. Where was it? Could I reach it in the feeble light? Then my eyes fastened on the mid-upper gunner's parachute bag; he wouldn't need it now, poor boy. Oblivious to pain, I unbuckled it from his harness and buckled it onto my own.

As I started for the rear on hands and knees, pain blinded me. For the first time, I realized something awful had happened to my right leg. Besides, I seemed to be hurt and bleeding everywhere—from, I later learned, 48 other bullet wounds. The plane was in aw-

\*1355 Basin St., Montreal 3, P. Q., Canada, February, 1945.

ful shape, with everything slashed, and bodies ahead and behind. Wearing the parachute bag, and in my condition, I realized I couldn't get to the escape hatch. The plane started to plummet earthward. In the shaking light provided by our own blazing aircraft I saw two shadows slip through the hatch. They were the only other two surviving members of the crew. I was alone and helpless with five dead men. It was purely a question of whether we'd hit the ground or blow up first.

At that awful moment I experienced a strange sensation of calm. It was all over, but God had allowed me a few seconds for a final prayer. Deliberately, thinking of every word, I started saying the Act of Contrition. It seems to me now that I was about halfway through the prayer when I felt rather than heard an intense blast.

The next thing I knew all was quiet and serenely peaceful, all around me were white, billowy clouds and sky. Distinctly, laughable as it is now, I recall thinking I had been killed and actually turned my head looking for St. Peter.

A weight on my chest attracted my attention and I felt to see what it was. Like a red emergency light flashing, my dreaming mind snapped out of it and told me it was my unopened parachute bag. I was falling through space!

Clawing wildly, I found the ring and tugged. As the chute slashed open I saw the ground rushing up. It was too late. I closed my eyes in anticipation of the crushing impact.

It came with a horrible, painful

crash; but, that amazing mind told me, it wasn't the ground. I clutched and grabbed as I tumbled through the tree to land with only a light jar.

Sitting up on the ground, I repressed an almost hysterical impulse to laugh. Gingerly I felt in a pocket and pulled out a cigarette and my lighter. As my fingers grasped the cigarette I felt a burning sensation. The same sensation was repeated when I put the cigarette between my lips. Fire had scorched my face, but the urge for a cigarette was stronger than the pain. I pressed the lighter and flame spurted. As I lifted it, I saw my right foot was off.

The rest of the story is quite ordinary. The plane crashed 200 yards away and some German farmers rushing toward the blaze spotted me. They carried me into a farmhouse and treated me with sullen kindness until morning, when the military picked me up and carried me to a German prison hospital. After 12 months I was repatriated in an exchange of prisoners.

The newspapers said I was lucky, but just plain luck couldn't have been enough to pull that one. I believe I was saved by a miracle.

There is the story: strangest, most graphic escape story I've ever encountered. In conclusion, it is only fair to comment that there is no halo hanging over the head of Cletus Lunny as he sits today at the Christie Street hospital in Toronto, getting accustomed to a new artificial leg replacing the homemade one constructed by a fellow prisoner in Germany.

# Christ, Engulf Us

By JOE ROZMARIN

Condensed from the *Grail*\*

Requiem for the living

This is Guam. Far out over battered hill 304, two huge mortar-shattered palms sway toward each other. Except for an occasional sortie of planes, the sky is dead. There is much to enjoy in our precious moments of peace.

I trudge a half-mile to kneel on the moist jungle ground before our padre's field kit. "*Introibo ad altare Dei.*"

My knees jiggle and settle themselves in the matted grass while Father crosses himself. "*Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.*"

As I kneel, my thumb silently and slowly slides back and forth, up and down, in my khaki-covered missal. My mind also slides back and forth, but across the world. And I cannot hold it where I should.

Now how did I get way over to France so fast? And over there is my kid brother. Why are we swinging arm in arm together into La Chappelle Marie? Why does his friendly *prie-dieu* shudder after we have settled ourselves? Why do his fingertips moisten the blunt edges of its oak wood? Then I understand. This is the last Mass, a living requiem. But the red-haired priest should be wearing black vestments, not bright green crisscrossed with gold! O young man of God, disrobe and put on the symbol of death. Put on the blackness that will soon envelop my brother in the bowels of

his big tank. You object? Well, why shouldn't the diocesan Ordo of La Chambiere defer to Order 2761, pass-word "Small beer," which moves him up to the front in 15 hours? Please, Father, put away the things of green that bring our verdant romping fields before us. Begone with your tinted robes which fill our misty eyes with the grass stains of boyhood! We, too, in America wear spotless white on First Communion mornings and smudge our knees before the time. Yesterday our mothers also smiled at those stubborn stains still visible in treasure chests, but not at those we have today. Grease and blood are not grass, and the hellish game we play today is not the children's romp of yesterday. Please, Father, put on the black. The iron hearse waits for its chauffeur. Thank you, *mon Pere*.

I slowly open my eyes and look about. The sun streams through the palmettos overhead, sopping up the shadows in the bunkers around us. Far to the left, the breakwaters almost inaudibly thresh against the soft sand. Our chaplain adjusts his black chasuble and turns to us: "*Dominus vobiscum.*" "And with your spirit"—but hang on a minute, Padre. This solidity of khaki moving around me like the whisper of waving wheat is not the flex and fall of people in pews. Where are

\*St. Meinrad, Ind. February, 1945.



your pews, your people? Where is the flush pink of marble I see, and the delicate tinkle of the Sanctus bell? This is Guam, not France. Why not Cleveland? Yes, I'm sure it must be Cleveland, for I hear the boom and toll of its bells on bright and sad occasions. There is the odor and closeness of people about me, my fellow parishioners, no doubt. The smell of incense on hot Sunday afternoons is stifling and oppressive, not heady and seductive as it is in our clean jungle air. There are fetters and angel wings about me. The crushing and uplifting things, a muttering woman fingering a rosary, a whimpering child, a gentle nun, a world-weary altar boy. Be sensible, Father, you can't find these things in the South Pacific.

"*Orate Fratres.*" Okay, sky pilot, have it your own way. Where have I heard that gag line before? And gee, Padre, wouldn't the *Adoro Te* the choir's giving out with make a swell jitterbug tune? You don't think so, Father? I'm sorry. K ration makes me think of the oddest things.

Not enough men at Mass this morning, Padre. What's the trouble? I know. They just don't give a damn. What's wrong with Christ's flesh? Same flesh it was 2,000 years ago. I don't get it. Somebody's a cookie, and it's not me.

The gold chalice quivers aloft, glistening in the sunlight.

People become quieter when they get older. They've more to keep quiet about.

Father, why is it that only you and the jungle birds can see the blood of Christ? What the Church of Rome needs is a good transparent chalice.

No flowers on our altar today, Padre, or any day for that matter. Flowers all around us, you say? Oh, yes. I never thought of that. Lots of flowers, jungle orchids, acacias, and rot weed. And, Father, how about some of those our men bring here tenderly enfolded in gauze? You know, the fiery red and deep blue shrapnel-wound variety. Very pretty, aren't they, Father? Don't you think they would look extra nice on the bare shoulders of a munition-maker's daughter at her coming-out party?

Padre does not answer, but merely opens the ciborium. Awkwardly, some of our men file up for Communion; perhaps, the way they did for their first rendezvous with Christ years ago. Others fold their hands like nuns. I, too, go up.

Flesh of my Christ, engulf me and them. Engulf all our men. Those who say filthy words in triumph and despair, and even in death. They know not what they do.

*Ite missa est* and we are blessed. *In hoc signo crucis.* We shall triumph in the sign of the cross, although 5 million of us carry the cross of rifle and saber. Down the portals of time and eternity, across mainlands, jungles, and deserts.

Elizabeth Miller in the *Woman's Home Companion*.

# The Eskimos' Bishop

"I will spend my eternity—"

Condensed from the *Voice*\*

**Bishop** Arsène Louis Eugene Turquetil, first white man to set foot among the Eskimos, and outstanding apostle of the Arctic regions, was born at Reviere in Lisieux diocese on May 3, 1876, was ordained on Dec. 23, 1899, and assigned to the missions in the extreme north of Canada the following September. The rest is history.

He made trips in and around northern Canada for the next 12 years, making his first contact with the Eskimos near Chesterfield Inlet in 1906. In July, 1925, he was named Apostolic Prefect of Hudson Bay, and when this section became a vicariate in 1931, he was the logical choice for Vicar Apostolic, becoming also titular Bishop of Ptolemais. In his amazing Arctic apostolate, Bishop Turquetil labored hard and long until 1942 when, worn out, he resigned his position to take a much needed rest.

Hudson Bay is the largest of the vicariates, covering some 1,600,000 square miles. In this icy wilderness, sparsely populated, there are a few more than 6,000 Eskimos. We think of Alaska as far north, cold and desolate, but Bishop Turquetil's territory extends some 3,000 miles north of Alaska. It is hard to picture such a desolate scene as the gray-bearded Bishop painted for the students at St. Mary's Sulpician Seminary in Baltimore in a recent address: a barren and frozen vastness

as far as the eye can see, no tree, brush, nor shrub; nothing but interminable snow and ice.

This sea of snow lasts ten months of the year, for there are but two short summer months. However, the Eskimos meet their hardships bravely. Poverty prevents their having good, strong, weatherproof homes in which to live, so their answer is the snow house. During the brief summer when the snow huts melt, there are tents to replace them. This shows the real industry and ingenuity of the Eskimos, making so much from so little. Not only must they live in igloos, but they cannot make fires for heating or cooking on account of the fierceness of the wind; hence, furs must suffice for warmth, and raw foods must take the place of prepared foods. This is where they get the name *Eskimo*, raw-meat eater.

They do have a lamp made of soapstone, with moss for a wick and whale blubber for oil, but it is no good for cooking, for it would take at least six hours merely to thaw out the food. Their solution is: "When they are hungry, they eat." Their menu is raw meat both summer and winter. In fact, they even eat decayed meat, killed some three or four years before, and preserved more or less efficiently by the cold. Missioners have been poisoned by such meat.

Since life is so difficult even for the

\*St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, 10, Md. January, 1945.

native Eskimos, imagine the hardships of the missionary. Merely contacting the Eskimos is a problem in itself. There are no cities, towns, nor villages worthy of the name, only camps hundreds of miles apart, and some of these consist of only two or three hunters. This unique camp setup can be attributed to two causes: the poverty of the people, and the fact that hunters must break camp and follow their game, if they are to have food or clothing. Bishop Turquetil himself on one missionary journey traveled more than 800 miles and saw only 14 persons.

Contrary to what one might think, the North Pole is not the coldest spot on earth. The vicariate of Hudson Bay bears this distinction. And it can boast two other firsts: it is the poorest country, and the most difficult to travel.

Added to all these natural difficulties in penetrating the Arctic vastness, Bishop Turquetil had the moral difficulty of being the first white in Eskimo country. The Eskimos are clever, and it was not easy to begin the job of their conversion. They do indeed understand and fear some supreme being over them, and though there is little sickness the various accidents that frequently occur in their daily lives offer them occasion to pray to this supreme being. They know nothing of the real God. Their prayer is to the devil; theirs is a religion of fear of the devil, a doctrine filled with taboos. Not once will the children be told how not to offend the devil, for out of fear the name of this spirit is not mentioned. Never will they break a taboo; all of

them are scrupulously observed. This has been a great barrier in the way of their conversion.

One of the Bishop's major problems was learning the language. It was not until he had been there three years that he could preach his first sermon in the tongue of his prospective converts. The Eskimo language is a most perfect one, with no exceptions to its rules. At the same time, it is a most complete tongue, possessing over 400 endings in its declensions and conjugations. Bishop Turquetil explained it as an "incorporating language," that is, every complete idea is one word. Hence, what would be a sentence in the English tongue is one word in that of the Eskimos. Many mistakes and much practice would necessarily precede mastery of such a language.

Despite the Bishop's energy and zeal, his mission failed at first. He had been in that icy wilderness four years, cut off from the world except for the arrival of a solitary boat once each year. As yet there were no converts nor any signs of interest. Two priests had been killed by the Eskimos, and another had been attacked and later died of injuries, and he was alone. Staying was discouraging, if not downright dangerous. Some of his friends had requested his Bishop to recall him, and in the next mail came a letter ordering him, if there were no conversions by the following year, to close the mission and return home.

Not long after this, an Eskimo delivered two letters to him, both unsigned. One contained a booklet on

the Little Flower of Lisieux, his own diocese, extolling her as the friend of missionaries; the other contained a half teaspoonful of dust from her coffin. Immediately, he began to pray to her, and one day, just to see what would happen, he sprinkled a pinch of the dust on the head of one of the Eskimos. Two days later, that Eskimo returned, announcing that he wanted to pray.

That night a large group came, asking to be baptized, refusing even to go to their winter camp to get food and furs without Baptism. They would trust in God to feed and clothe them. As Bishop Turquetil put it, "Could I tell them, 'Get out of here, you've got too much faith'?" Five years later, the Bishop came and baptized 52 adults. In appreciation to the Little Flower,

Bishop Turquetil wrote to Rome, asking the Holy Father to proclaim her patroness of all the missions. His wish was granted not long after, when hundreds of missionary bishops signed a like plea and sent it to Rome.

The Bishop today urges everyone to remember the Little Flower; to turn to her especially in hours of discouragement, when everything looks black. He cites his own case as an example of her power before God. "She could and she would and she *will* help."

Today in the barren icelands of Hudson Bay there are (according to the 1944 *Catholic Directory*) 31 Oblate Fathers, six Oblate Brothers, 14 churches, and 17 outposts. Though pagans are still by far the majority (5,690), there are over 800 baptized Eskimos and 810 catechumens.

## Flights of Fancy

As close as button and buttonhole.  
—George Loveridge.

Her mind was tired as a piece of old celery.—Gladys Taber.

Wrong as a goat on judgment day.  
—Hilda Van Stockum.

Like blades of pain the lightning rips the sky.—Don Blanding.

She put her problems aside for a brainy day.—James L. Sawyer.

Bright April shakes out her rain-drenched hair.—Sara Teasdale.

The movie couldn't have been released; it probably escaped.—Lewis & Faye.

Everyone is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.—Cervantes.

The silver string of a violin running strong brilliant stitches through the velvet harmony.—Ray Black.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$1 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

# Wife Beater

By JOSEPH FRAESSLE, S.C.J.

Taming of a shrew

Condensed from the *Mission Call*\*

Unlike the more serious of his fellow Negroes in the Congo, Camillus Mongwana proved himself to be a merry wit. With his droll stories and witticisms, he could throw his audience into such fits of laughter that they would roll on the ground holding their sides. Without a smile, he would keep up his antics and stories until his voice was drowned in peals of laughter. He clung to me as a child to its father. "I shall stay with you as long as I live," he solemnly promised. "As long as my soul is in my body, I shall not leave your village. But I want to work, for I do not want to eat your food without doing something in return."

When I sent my most talented young men out as catechists, Mongwana begged to stay with me. "I want to learn more about the things the white man does," he explained. "First I want to learn bricklaying."

Soon Mongwana was making finer bricks than any of the other boys. They had to be flawless, and while he was making them he would tolerate no dog, goat or human being near him.

In Mongwana, too, I found my first efficient native gardener. He soon had long rows of lettuce and cabbage growing, straight as a die. Cucumbers, beans, and peas followed.

He asked to be taught baking and cooking. "For," he explained, "when

I am sent out to some village as a catechist, and the Father comes into my village, I want to give him not only a decent lodging, but I want to place before him such palatable dishes that he will stay with me a long time."

The years flew by peacefully and happily. Mongwana was now of marriageable age: he was, in fact, already past it. But he had no money with which to purchase a wife. I was, of course, expected to furnish that. One morning I found him waiting for me in my reception room. He stood there in silence, his eyes on the floor. I suspected what was coming.

"Well, my boy, what's up now?" I questioned. "Are you out of provisions or did you perhaps break the cooking pot?"

"No, Father, but, my great affair."

"Oh, you intend to get married. Well, you have waited long enough anyway. Have you decided on whom you want as your future wife?"

"No, I have not decided as yet."

Mongwana came to me again some weeks later. This time he blurted out immediately, "Father, my important affair."

"Well, who is she?"

"Theresa Besango."

"What!" I had to burst out laughing. "Why, she's a widow. She could not get along with her first husband. I

\*Sacred Heart Monastery, Hale's Corners, Wis. March, 1945.



thought my wide-awake Mongwana would be wiser than that in choosing a life partner. You aren't really in earnest, are you?"

"I am very much in earnest. I want Theresa and no other woman."

"And why do you pick Theresa?"

"Listen, Father, and I will tell you. Theresa is a good woman, for she obeys God and loves Him: therefore she will love and obey me, too. See how she goes to church. She comes morning and evening, even during the week. While the other women gad about or dance she stays home and works. When the others begin to quarrel and fuss she walks away. Her soul is like mine: we agree on very many things."

The great wedding day came at last. All were present and keenly interested. The best scholar, the most popular young man, the best teacher, and their dear friend, he must be honored accordingly. The church and the altar were decorated profusely, even the *prie-dieu* upon which the young couple were to kneel during the nuptial Mass. Many came from a great distance to be present at the ceremony.

It has always been my practice to make these occasions as impressive as possible, to bring home to the natives the sacredness of matrimony. Little girls clad in white marched in procession over to the girls' school to get the bride, while the teachers, catechists, and friends of Mongwana conducted the groom from my house to the church. I stood at the church door clad in my finest vestments to receive the

couple, and amid the singing of psalms we marched in. The church was filled. Then high Mass began and the natives joined enthusiastically in the singing. I preached on the dignity and sacredness of the sacrament of Matrimony. The marriage ceremony was duly performed, the happy young couple received their blessed Lord in Holy Communion and they received the nuptial blessing.

Outside, the people thronged around the young couple. I naturally had to provide the wedding banquet as well as the palm wine to be consumed during the wedding dance. Our big wash boiler was filled three times with rice, goat and antelope meat. Plenty of salt and pepper were thrown in, for the food must burn the throat to be good. The intestines and heads of the animals were also thrown in; my people consider them the greatest of delicacies.

The dance was held in the church yard, the men forming one ring and the women another. The hotter the sun, the greater becomes the enthusiasm for the dance. Sweat must pour down.

Mongwana took little part in the festivities. He had more important things to tend to. He had been presented with a neat little brick house that morning, and he wanted to arrange things inside so that he could begin housekeeping right away. He would join the crowd from time to time just long enough to take a drink of palm wine and exchange a few witty remarks with those around him.

Towards five o'clock the dancing ended, and the crowd began to disperse. Relatives and intimate friends of the newlyweds rested under the trees in little groups, quietly talking and sipping palm wine.

I sat out on my porch, writing. Suddenly a series of unearthly screams came from the direction of the workmen's quarters. I hurried to the settlement. The sounds were coming from the home of the newlyweds. I tried to open the door, but it was fastened. I gave the door a heavy kick and it flew open. There before me on the floor lay the bride, still clad in her wedding finery; and over her stood Mongwana, lashing her unmercifully with a whip! "Are you drunk!" I shouted at Mongwana. "What on earth are you doing? Stop that immediately and come with me!"

I abruptly turned in the direction of my own house, and Mongwana quietly followed. I was internally seething with rage and disgust.

When we reached the veranda of my house, Mongwana quietly began, "Now, Father, listen to the words of your son. You have been in our country for a long time and you understand us, that is, you understand us men; but you do not understand the women. Today I took the step that decides that I must live with Theresa for the rest of my life. That is my wish. But I want to live a happy married life, and I do not relish the thought of having to quarrel and scold every day. And since this day has decided that we live together as man and wife, so, too, it had

to be decided today who was to be the master in my house, she or I. God wants me to be the master; therefore I must be, and I want to be. Now listen to how Theresa acted on this very first day of our married life and you can judge for yourself if I acted rightly.

"I told her that she was to come to the house with me at five o'clock to arrange things as she wanted them. But she did not come. She kept drinking and talking with the other women and did not bother at all about her husband. Then afterwards she would not like the way I had arranged things, so she would begin to scold and complain. So I said to myself, 'This cannot be. If she starts now and I let her get away with it, I will have to contend with this all the rest of my life. I shall give her a good lesson. Then I will have peace for the rest of my life.'"

I had to bite my lip to preserve the outward appearances of calm and severity. All my anger had faded before this unique philosophy. And it worked. Mongwana never had further reason to complain against his wife; nor did she have reason to complain of him. Theresa had learned that her husband loved order and punctuality; and she continued to live up to the standard he had set for her.

Today Camillus is the catechist of one of our largest towns in Jasomboni, numbering 4,000 souls; and he directs everything very well. But his wife helps him in his good work, and she also deserves much credit. Aided by his boys, he has built a fine school

and a large church in Jasomboni, as well as a fine home for himself and another to serve for the missionary when he visits. His devoted wife Theresa, aided by the Jasomboni women and girls, lays out one plantation after the other. You can find some wonder-

ful fields of rice, corn, bananas, manioc, and peanuts around that town.

For all the great feasts of the Church, Mongwana leads his big flock to the central mission station. They sing and pray in chorus as they trudge along the jungle trails.

## A Catholic Talks Back

A lesson in logic

By SGT. ROBERT B. NORDBERG

Condensed from the *Link*\*

Following an open-forum discussion on the subject, "What's Wrong with the Church," in the October, 1944, issue of the *Link*, the editors invited comment from any reader who wished to offer it with sincerity and "a sense of Christian mission." The *Link* is a Protestant publication issued for chaplains and members of the armed forces by the National Council of the Service Men's Christian League of Nashville, Tenn. Its editors generously accorded space for the following, by a Catholic, which lays bare some of the errors and contradictions of Protestantism and shows why it can never have the unity many of its sincere champions so ardently strive for.

An old psychology professor of mine used to put his students in the embarrassing position of proving that black was white; by offering syllogisms for their consideration which seemed to be, but were not, airtight. Because of one error they made in accepting an original premise, they ended up "proving" what was obviously wrong. Nowhere more than in

theology is it necessary to make fine distinctions.

In the case of criticisms of Christian denominations, no sound conclusions can be reached unless one realizes wherein criticisms are called for and wherein they are not. For example (referring to the aggregate of Christian denominations outside the Roman Catholic Church as "the Protestant church"), I read in your forum that "its members are free to criticize it at all times, realizing that *they* are the church, and whatever they say about its failures or achievements confers on them a responsibility to overcome the failures and add to the achievements."

To criticize what in it? Its doctrine? They are free, according to the basic tenet of Protestantism, namely, private interpretation, to criticize any doctrine, and not morally responsible to agree

\*1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, 3, Pa. February, 1945.

on any. To criticize its policies? That would mean any policy of any Protestant church, for there is no church policy common to Protestant denominations or identifying them as such. The whole statement assumes that the truth does not exist within the grasp of the church, for it would be rather presumptuous to expect eternal truths to change to suit the exigencies of denominational disagreements. On the other hand, if the truth is absolute and if the criticisms referred to pertain to doctrine, what is implied is the Protestant responsibility to criticize one another for failing to arrive at the truth.

"The people *are* the church." To be sure, any group of people can be a church by strictly human standards; but the full nature of the Church also implies Christ as its Head and Founder. If one refers to the one true Church founded by Him, then to criticize the Church on matters of doctrine must be one of two things, in the case of Protestant denominations: 1. to criticize Christ, assuming Him to be the Author of all doctrines that are sincerely taught in the name of Christianity; or 2. to admit that these denominations are in agreement on neither what constitutes the truth nor what are the criteria for arriving at the truth. And any amount of criticism promises to contribute nothing unless it turns the critics in the direction of looking for absolute truth not contained in the process known as "private interpretation."

Of those who criticize that accidental collection of conflicting and irrecon-

cilable philosophies known as the Protestant church for its lack of unity, none ventures to suggest a set of criteria for setting up facts on which they would have all Protestant churches agree. One contributor remarks that "as long as Protestantism is so diverse in its beliefs regarding Christ and the means of salvation" it will lack clearly demarcated direction and purpose. Yet when can it be otherwise than diverse and nondirectional? Nondirectionality is its very essence.

Under the flag of Protestantism are enrolled those who strip Christ of His divinity and call Him the human son of a divine God, as well as others who regard Him as God incarnate; some who deny the free will of man, and others who accept it; some who maintain everything in the universe can be explained in terms of form and matter, others who maintain the world contains only spirit and that all manifestations are spiritual; some who maintain God created the world but stands aloof from it, others who maintain He actively sustains His creatures; some who declare God cannot be proved by reason alone, others who declare He can; some who declare the Bible is historically accurate but not infallible, others who declare it infallible as well; some groups which recognize it is not a complete statement of the truths of Christianity, others which maintain it is; some who maintain the nature of God was evolved from sheer necessity, others who acknowledge His self-existence; some who say the existence of God is evident

to all by intuitive vision, others who recognize it can be acquired only through deductive reasoning; some who maintain the moral code is absolute and unchangeable, others who maintain, with Professor Einstein, that even moral law is relative; some groups which maintain religion should be highly organized, others who virtually reject the whole idea of organized religion.

These groups have nothing in common to identify them as a solid body, except that they are enrolled under the flag of Protestantism, because none of their philosophies is in agreement with the doctrines of the Catholic Church. How can this body be welded into a solid crusading unit?

What will it crusade for? For the observance of a moral code on which it cannot agree? For the promulgation of certain doctrines? If so, which doctrines? For a connection of Church and state? If so, which church?

The contributor just mentioned says "truth can't disseminate into opposing forces, pitted against each other." Ergo, the idea that individual approaches to truth can be welded into a solid, widely held philosophy, on nothing better than human authority, must be untenable.

Another contributor asserts, "One sometimes has the feeling that the church is trying to hide the facts because it cannot or does not possess a logical case for itself." This is presum-

ably a reference to that collection of non-Catholic philosophies known as the Protestant church. There cannot be a case for this collective body unless it can be postulated that no infallible way of getting at the truth exists. And if that be the case, there cannot be a stronger case for one body than for another; hence no hope of their ever getting together.

The same writer says, a few paragraphs later, "Society changes; the Church, too, must change—not its fundamental message but its ways of presenting it." If there could be agreement in the first place as to what is "the fundamental message" of the Protestant church—the only tenet common to Protestants being that of private interpretation—that message would either be true or not true; if true, no need for a change in its method of presenting would exist.

These men want a Church to crusade for right and truth in the world, as a unit, after the war. Is it not plain that no such solidly crusading unit can be evolved from a loosely knit group whose only binding link is their common contention that no way of arriving at the truth infallibly exists?

If the Protestant tenet of private interpretation holds water, why not accept as desirable its inevitable ramification: namely, that of multiple irreconcilable creeds? If it does *not* hold water, why not reject the tenet and look for something better?

Brazil is a country discovered in 1500 by Portugal and in 1933 by the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs.

Erico Verissimo.



# An American Credo

By PAULI MURRAY

Condensed from *Common Ground*\*

I am an American. I lay no claim to an ancestry which arrived here by the Mayflower nor by the slave ship of 1619. I do regard myself, however, as a representative of blended humanity, carrying in my blood stream the three great races of man—Caucasian, Negroid, and Mongolian. Some of my ancestors came from Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England. Others came over in chattel ships from Africa. Others met the colonists when they arrived on American shores. They all fought it out here and fused their bloods. I am the product. Therefore, I will resist every attempt to categorize me, to place me in some caste, or to assign me to some segregated pigeonhole.

No one gave me my freedom. I owe it to no political party nor the good will of any group. I inherited it. Some of my forefathers fought for it at Appomattox, Petersburg, and Richmond. Others toiled for it in Carolina tobacco fields, paying their masters dollar for dollar, and bought it. Others paid for it with their health, sanity, and their lives, jumping overboard from slave vessels or lying in swamps and crawling through the night into the shelter of the Underground Railroad. Others pulled a "mass strike" when the Union armies invaded the Confederacy and helped disintegrate the labor force of the rebellious South. The Emancipa-

tion Proclamation, which President Lincoln signed in 1863, was but the historical and documentary recognition of an accomplished fact.

As an American I inherit the magnificent tradition of an endless march toward freedom and toward the dignity of all mankind. And though my country has not always loved me, yet in the words of the poet, Claude McKay, "I must confess I love this cultured hell which tests my strength." Loving it as I do, I am determined that my country shall take her place among nations as a moral leader of mankind. No law which imprisons my body nor custom which wounds my spirit can stop me.

That my country may accomplish this great task of history, I must make myself worthy to be called an American. I would bring shame and disgrace upon the U. S. flag if I tolerated for one moment any practice of discrimination, segregation, or prejudice against any human being because of an accident of birth which has determined race, color, sex, or nationality and helped to shape his or her creed.

History moves in strange and unpremeditated ways. But for an error in navigation or a perverse trade wind the pioneers who reached Massachusetts would have landed in Virginia. As it was, the Virginia cousins became

Freedom cries out

\*222 4th Ave., New York City, 3. Winter, 1945.

great slaveholders and slave breeders. Their Massachusetts cousins became great slave traders and great Abolitionists. The North Carolina cousins became small cells of Unionism within a slaveholding state. And the Pennsylvania cousins became Quakers and operators of the dramatic Underground Railroad.

Many of those ancestors of the 19th century had the vision of men who discerned that a country cannot exist half slave and half free. They saw the abolition of slavery as the logical extension of the 18th-century Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the U. S.

But they have left for me and my contemporaries of the 20th century the task of destroying the incidents of slavery: segregation, discrimination, and prejudice. The Civil War was an inadequate answer to the slavery issue. Families were hopelessly divided among themselves; brothers and cousins fought on opposite sides. Spiritual and psychic wounds still fester in the Southland. The virus of an understandable hatred, the hatred of a conquered and expropriated people, has spread to every corner of the country.

Segregation is a monster, dividing peoples, thwarting personalities, breeding civil wars. It must be rooted out of our national life. It must be replaced by individual codes of conduct and by federal and state laws which recognize and protect the individual. It must go during our lifetime.

But even while taking this stand, we must learn from the mistakes of our

ancestors. Force is not the way. Bloodshed is not the answer. We deserve to go down in history as the most bankrupt generation ever reared, if with the total cultural and spiritual resources of the globe at our disposal, we cannot fashion superior instruments to those of civil war, riots, personal retaliation, and mass resentment.

For me the process means an individual revolution in my thinking. I must see each man or woman as the product of his biological and environmental background. The forces of history of which he may be totally unaware have helped to shape his attitudes. His immediate environmental experiences have molded his conduct.

The revolutionary war of survival teaches me I must be an integrated personality. I cannot be rent asunder by harboring personal prejudices or racial resentments. I want to spend my time finding the common denominator of mankind, and prejudices and hatred are emotional waste. I will not vent my hatred for stupid customs and laws upon the individuals or public officials who seek to impose such practices upon me. I seek to destroy an institution, a mores, a disease, not a people. By every cultural, spiritual, and psychological resource at my disposal I shall seek to destroy the institution of segregation.

I will not submit to segregation myself so long as I am able to speak out fearlessly against it, or so long as my physical strength endures. Where segregation laws exist, of whatsoever variety, I shall attack the constitu-

tionality of those laws. Where confronted with those laws in person, I shall resist them. If the refusal to abide by segregation statutes mean imprisonment, I shall choose prison. If it means death, I can say only that my brothers and cousins are facing death every day. If I am not ready to give my life yet, I will leave the South where I was born and reared and find some spot in regional exile where I may still attack again and again such laws and customs. If my country is finally conquered by a national tide of prejudice which makes it impossible for me to breathe a free air, I will leave my country and find a new asylum, in the best tradition of the pioneers who helped to found America. For them there can be no compromise with discrimination.

I intend to do my part through the

power of persuasion, by spiritual resistance, by the power of my pen, and by inviting violence upon my own body. For what is life itself without the freedom to walk proudly before God and man and so glorify creation through the genius of self-expression?

I intend to help destroy segregation by positive and embracing methods. When my brothers try to draw a circle to exclude me, I shall draw a larger circle to include them. When they speak out for the privileges of a puny group, I shall shout for the rights of all mankind. I shall neither supplicate, threaten nor cajole my country or her people. With humility but with pride I shall offer one small life, whether in a foxhole or wheatfield, for whatever it is worth, to fulfill the prophecy that all men are created equal.

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# Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Adams, Franklin P. NODS AND BECKS. *New York: Whittlesey House.* 246 pp. \$2. F. P. A. presents an anthology of his own lighthearted but measured wisdom that has appeared in the columns of the *New Yorker*, *Herald Tribune* and *Post*. A companion piece to his *Innocent Merriment*.

David, Brother, C.S.C. AMERICAN CATHOLIC CONVERT AUTHORS; a *Bibliography*. *Detroit: Romig.* 259 pp. \$2.75. A dictionary of Catholic-writer converts, including Heywood Broun, John Moody, Lorothe Day, the Kilmers, Frank Spearman, Father Tabb. Short life sketches and lists of their works, with a chronology of conversions from 1783 to 1942.

De la Bedoyere, Michael. CHRISTIANITY IN THE MARKET-PLACE. *Milwaukee: Bruce.* 137 pp. \$2. The Christian's exercise of his civic and social duties on the high plane dictated by his faith will persuade the world to listen to his Church. He must be her precursor to those who have forgotten her.

Doherty, Felix. SONG OUT OF SORROW. *Boston: Bruce Humphries; Toronto: Ryerson.* 95 pp. \$1.50. Biographical play of the early tragedy of Francis Thompson up to his meeting with Wilfred Meynell; excellently executed.

Giordani, Igino. SOCIAL MESSAGE OF THE EARLY FATHERS. *Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press.* 368 pp. \$4. The Christian's duties to his fellow men as they were understood in earliest tradition.

Hager, Alice Rogers. BRAZIL: GIANT TO THE SOUTH. *Photographs by Jackie Martin. New York: Macmillan.* 80 pp. \$2. A fine picture book of the people, work, play, geography and architecture of Brazil; introduced by brief descriptive and statistical notes.

Holzner, Joseph. PAUL OF TARSUS. *St. Louis: Herder.* 502 pp. \$5. Boyhood, youth, and apostolic career, in the setting of his time and place; you walk and weep and fight with St. Paul; and you turn to the Bible, involuntarily, again and again.

Reinhold, H. A., editor. THE SOUL AFIRE; *Revelations of the Mystics.* *New York: Pantheon Books.* 413 pp. \$3.50. An orderly and inspiring anthology drawn both from writers who have had immediate experience of God and others who have expressed the longing of the human heart for such a union with Him.

Romig, Walter, editor. THE GUIDE TO CATHOLIC LITERATURE; Vol. 2, 1940-1944. *Detroit: Romig.* 629 pp. \$10. Annotated list of Catholic books in English and other languages that have come out in the last five years. Brief biographies, excerpts from reviews, and references to additional criticisms and accounts of both books and authors make it indispensable in any Catholic high-school or college library.

Thérèse, Saint. SAINT THERÈSE OF LISIEUX, THE LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS; *Her Autobiography and Letters.* *New York: Kenedy.* 456 pp., ill. \$3.25. Reissue of a simple narrative that has helped bring the notion of saintliness once more into the frame of everyday life.